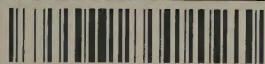


The Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri



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Frederick William Faber

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THE
SPIRIT AND GENIUS
OF
ST. PHILIP NERI,
Founder of the Oratory.

LECTURES DELIVERED IN THE ORATORY,
KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

BY
FREDERICK W. FABER,
PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI.



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1850.

THE following Lectures were delivered in the London Oratory, in the Triduo preceding the transferred Feast of St. Philip during this year; and have been published at the request of some who heard them.

F. W. F.

The Oratory, London.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1850.

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THE
SPIRIT AND GENIUS OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

LECTURE FIRST.

ST. PHILIP A PORTRAIT OF JESUS.

A YEAR has gone round, my dear Brethren, since St. Philip first began to teach, to preach, to give spiritual graces, and to make his home here. You have connected yourselves with him; you have let yourselves be drawn within the sphere of his influence; you have gladly drunk of his peculiar spirit; you are conscious to yourselves of many secret favours which you have received through him; in a word, you have of your own accord made yourselves his children, and St. Philip has lovingly adopted you. In asking you then to set aside these three days as a solemn preparation for his feast, I am only asking what you will be forward to grant; and in speaking to you about St. Philip, I may speak to you, not as strangers, but as children of our dear and holy Patriarch, who will not harshly criticise what may seem the affectionate exaggerations of an Oratorian. I cannot of course say to you in three Lectures all I think or feel about St. Philip; like other Saints who have left the impress of their character upon the Church of God, he may be looked at

from many points of view. I wish, if he will please to help me, to put one view of him before you in this Triduo, so that you may be able to have a true idea of St. Philip, and his peculiar spirit and genius, and therefore of the work which he comes to do in England at this present day.

The fact with which we start is this :—Here in a Protestant country, the genius of whose nationality may be said to be most eminently Protestant, a number of men, thoroughly English in education, ways, habits, feelings, and tone of thought, some in one place, some in another, some for one reason, some for another, have been mercifully drawn by the power of grace to abjure their false religion and save their souls in the Church of God. The Church receives them, and vouchsafes to use whatever they may have of energy or usefulness for her own purposes. In remarkable ways (which it would be out of place to detail here), not only without forethought, but quite contrary to it, and without being agreed among themselves, a Roman Saint, but little known in England, and with a very special genius of his own, attracts them to himself. They are drawn almost without knowing it, some abroad, others at home, some earlier, others later, some attracted by one feature of the Saint, others by another, and some with little or no distinct perception of what it was which was so palpably alluring them. The Vicar of Christ, the holy Father at Rome, gives not a bare but a cordial approval to their deed. They become the children of St. Philip, embrace his Institute, and place themselves beneath the yoke of his rule. Experience shews them it was no blind leading which guided them to the Apostle of Rome ; they find his Institute as if it had been expressly made for them and their peculiar circumstances ; it fulfils more than words can tell every desire of their

hearts, they find in it all they need, and more than they expected; and what seems stranger still, its ideas, sympathies, tastes, instincts, yearnings, seem to be a simple intellectual expression of their own. When you consider the varieties of character and disposition, of education, taste, circumstances and wants, of a score of men, you will admit that there is something remarkable in this fact.

Furthermore, St. Philip's Institute has a characteristic which distinguishes it from all other Orders and Congregations, so far as I know. Take, for instance, the Society of Jesus, which was founded about the same time as the Oratory, and whose members have ever been in all lands the kindest and most generous friends of St. Philip's children. St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. Aloysius, Bellarmine—these are all so many different types of sanctity on which their spiritual descendants may form themselves, according to their circumstances or leanings. No one ever supposes that every Jesuit Father is to aim at reproducing in himself a miniature portrait of St. Ignatius; it is to their Rule, to their Constitutions, to their system, to their traditions, that they have to look; the whole breadth of Christian activity and heroism is theirs; the missions of heathen lands, the schools of little children, the chairs of great universities, the preaching of retreats, the retirement of study, the care of hospitals and asylums, the confessionals in town and country, the scientific observatory, the formation of seminaries, the spiritual paradise of the noviciate, the religious silence of the professed house—all these things are opened to them; obedience puts each one upon his line; and to a Jesuit there is no line for which his own wonderful Society cannot furnish him

with a patron Saint from its own canonized or beatified members. The same may be said, with the remarkable exception of the different families of the Franciscans, of all other religious Orders and Congregations. But it is very different in the Oratory: there every one has but one work to do—rigidly, exclusively one—to imitate St. Philip, to copy him, naturally and without affectation, in all his ways, to reproduce in himself a more or less imperfect likeness of his father. We have to look rather to an individual example than a system, more to St. Philip's manners and sayings than to a rule. Indeed he left no rule; the brief code of laws by which, under apostolical authority, the Oratory is now governed, was drawn up by his favourite disciple, F. Pietro Consolini, after the Saint's death, and is simply an application in detail of St. Philip's spirit to the regulations of community-life, and more particularly of that especial form of community life which it was the holy Father's will should be lived by his children in the Congregation. It remains true that the prominent object of the Oratorian is to become an affectionately servile copy of St. Philip, and that his whole spiritual life is to lead that way. That inexhaustible and exciting variety, that world of work, into which the energy of a Jesuit is turned loose, is not allowed to the Oratorian. St. Philip is close at hand, and is watching him jealously; he is constantly repeating, almost to weariness, cautions against variety of work, against adding to the three objects of the Institute, prayer, preaching, sacraments. He is ever inspiring the Superiors of his houses to mortify the energies and zeal of their subjects, to nip in the bud promising schemes of usefulness, and to wither with unsympathetic coldness or startling severity all influence or success which seem to lie

beyond the narrow sphere of the modest Institute. It would not be easy to conceive a completer or more jealously exacted sacrifice than that which the Institute of the Oratory demands of those who are postulants for it: it simply requires that the whole man should be assimilated to itself. Nay, it is not only of the blessed Sebastian Valfrè that it was true, that the features of St. Philip, the look of his eyes, the shape of his mouth, the lines of his face, passed into the countenances of his children; and does not all this shew most clearly that the end of the Institute was to copy an individual pattern which God had given to His Church, and in various climes and distant ages to reproduce mimic representations of St. Philip, filled according to their capacity with his spirit and his life? Look into the life of St. Ignatius, and see how different is the relative position of that blessed Founder, and his heaven-sent Rule, from what it is in the Oratory. The Franciscans alone resemble the Oratory in this respect; and every one knows the secret sympathy and mutual understanding there has ever been between the children of St. Francis and St. Philip.

Now this characteristic of St. Philip's Institute, that it is a perpetual reproduction of an individual pattern, makes it all the more remarkable that a various body of converts and strangers in the Church should find themselves first of all so irresistibly drawn to St. Philip, and then so astonishingly satisfied with what they found in him and in his Institute. It shews plainly that St. Philip represents something, is a type of something, embodies something; that he represented more than himself, and did not live for himself; that there was an Idea in him which God meant the Church to take up and

fulfil; and lastly, that what St. Philip represented, whatever it might be, was a whole, a thoroughly finished and harmonious whole, in keeping with itself in all its parts and bearings, equipped with armour of its own, and with the same instincts circulating through it, so that it could know itself and understand its work, and others could recognise it, understand it, and even predict its future conduct, when they looked carefully upon it. It must have been all this, or else how could it have drawn to itself in so strange a manner men of opposite tastes, of different talents, and of varying dispositions? But our proof of this does not rest precariously on one instance; though I think it will be admitted that the instance is a remarkable one, and well suited for a test.

Persons external to the Oratory often find great difficulties in the peculiarities of the Institute. They say, "How can you all have the same spirit, when you are not a religious order? Your houses are distinct; you have no general noviciate; no recognised system of training, modelled on one uniform pattern or mother-house; no single fountain of unbroken tradition; Oratories start up here and there, like springs through the surface of the earth; what can you be but a collection of different Institutes, with the unreal and fallacious unity of a single designation?" And yet, when they look abroad, to their astonishment they find everywhere that Oratorians are as like each other as the religious of any order that can be named. When we look at the portraits of the great Jesuit Theologians and spiritual writers in the folio editions of their works, we cannot help smiling at the family likeness of the faces; so it is with pictures of Oratorians: look even at the severe face of our dear Baronius; no one would dream of taking him for a

Jesuit. In Italy or Spain, Poland, or Mexico, or Ceylon, or the newly founded nursery of St. Philip in England, one Oratorian is just like another; they have all the same ways, manners, style, spirit, sympathies, instinct, genius. The very observation has been made by people external to the Institute. They have borne witness to the fact, and at the same time have made no secret of their surprise. Does not this then shew how true it is that St. Philip represents some one consistent idea, that he takes up into himself and gives forth from himself a certain spirit and temper, which is from God, because the Church has blessed it and fostered it, and which has a certain definite work to do for God in the Church? The facts refuse to be explained in any other way.

This then is what we start with. St. Philip represents an idea; the love of that idea, conscious or unconscious, is the vocation of his children, the realization of it their work; the mode whereby they realize it is the close imitation of the Saint himself, within the limits of a form of life of peculiar observances and unvowed obedience, framed by the mighty Mother of God, and by her revealed to St. Philip. So that an Oratorian, obediently discharging the tasks of his Institute, is living a life (he has no less a guarantee than St. Philip's own word for this sustaining faith) which it was the sweet will of the Most Holy and Exalted Mother of God should be lived in the Church of her Son during these Modern Times.

Now you see, my dear Brethren, how I have at last brought you to the subject of our Triduo—the Spirit and Genius of St. Philip. What is the idea which he represents? How must we look at him to get a clear notion of his place in the Church of God? Let us begin then to speak of him; and let us ask his leave and Benedicite

at our beginning. We who are children of St. Philip cannot speak of him as of a Saint far away in Heaven; such a view of him is not natural to our minds. To say the truth, we dare not so speak of him. In his own house he teaches us otherwise; he lets us know for certain, in ways of his own, that he is amongst us. We are inmates of his house; we live upon his sayings; our eyes are never off his ways; and so at last, as Baronius says he felt when the Saint was gone, we too feel that he is still among us, ready to correct and chasten us when we turn aside from his modest way, loving us very tenderly, yet never telling us so, but seeming as though he only just contrived to bear with us in his house and no more. We almost expect to meet him in the passages, or to hear his voice in our solitude or recreations; we cannot look at his picture without emotion, and sometimes its gaze almost startles us, as if it had life in it; you would think it quite childish if I was to tell you how keen this feeling is, and in what little things he makes us obedient to some chance word of his, dropped centuries ago, at random, as it seemed, in the streets of Rome, or amid the pleasant vineyards, in the populous Banchi, or by the church door of St. Girolamo over against the English College, or on Mont' Onofrio, and recorded in his life. Will you let me say it? I can fancy the disciples of our Blessed Lord feeling thus, when He had withdrawn His visible presence from them and had ascended into Heaven. So, I repeat, let us ask the Father's leave and Benedicite at our beginning.

As the Christian life is simply a supernatural continuation of the life of Christ, it is not to be wondered at that they who are accustomed to the study of the Lives of the Saints should discover that each Saint represents in a special way some portion of the sweet mystery of the

Incarnation. The Catholic Saints carry on, after the Incarnation, what the typical characters of the Old Testament did for our Lord before His coming. Some of His gifts and graces shone forth in each, His own work in them, so that all put together, if we subtract time and place, form in their whole a bright shadow of Him, who was to come, and for whose coming they were looking ; and the Catholic Saints now in like manner catch the reflection of the Ascended Lord from on high, just as the mountain tops glow with roseate hues from the sun they still behold, though he is long since set to those who dwell upon the level plain. Now, when we look at St. Philip, it seems difficult at first sight to say what portion of our Blessed Lord's glory and beauty grace causes him to represent ; but I suppose the more attentively we study his life, the more true it will seem to us to say—Surely, among all the Saints, Philip is one of the most eminently supernatural ! Supernatural is just the very word that expresses him ; it is not that he is supernatural in any one respect more than in another ; but that the whole man, and the life of him, is unvaryingly supernatural. The Congregation of Rites says of him, that none was ever like him for the gift of prophecy. St. Richard of Chichester, our English thaumaturgus, St. Francis of Paula, and St. Philip's devotee, St. Joseph of Cupertino, may have wrought numerically as many miracles as he ; yet none seems to have made so little effort, or been so much at his ease about it, going up and down the streets of Rome a fountain of hourly energizing miraculous powers. Look at the prudence of St. Alphonso, that blessed Saint, who was trained in St. Philip's Oratorium Parvum at Naples, what a much more earthly-looking thing it is than St. Philip's. Many Saints have had the gift of seeing things absent, and read-

ing the secrets of men's hearts ; but with St. Philip it seems to have been his habitual normal state ; it appeared as if he never had to get information like other people ; he is quite *awful* in this respect. St. Ignatius had wonderful ecstasies at Mass, and was so exhausted by them, that he sometimes could only say Mass every other day ; St. Philip's ecstasies were longer and still more wonderful, yet he seemed annealed to bear the fires as though he were already of another world, and had learned the secret which the Prophet inquired after, how to dwell with the everlasting burnings of the Most Holy Trinity. Even the Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi cannot compare with him in this respect. He not only raised the dead, but, when he had raised them, he gave them their choice of living or of dying again ; and in one instance he commanded a person to die, and the command was instantly obeyed ; just — what can I say short of this ? — as if he was God, and the issues of life and death were in Philip's hands. It is not then in this or that particular grace or gift, but altogether, that our Holy Father may justly be named Philip the Supernatural. It expresses him more exactly than any other name can do. I wish I had time to draw it out more at length for you.

It is then quite in accordance with this *supernaturalness* of St. Philip, that, when we come to inquire what portion of the mystery of the Incarnation it is, which by the varied working of grace is specially represented in St. Philip, we are obliged to acknowledge it to have been, what cannot indeed be reiterated, for it is no less than a consequence of the Hypostatic Union, but what was astonishingly shadowed forth and reflected in St. Philip — that double state of the Incarnate Word, who was at the same moment a Viator and a Comprehensor, at once a journeyer

on earth, yet one who had arrived at His journey's end in Heaven already. St. Philip seemed to have two lives, to live in two worlds. His five hours' Mass was all ecstasy; he was ever passing into ecstasy at other times; he conversed on familiar terms with Jesus and Mary; people actually heard him talking out loud with the Mother of God a whole night through: he saw spirits; his life was physically a miracle, because of his side rent and riven by that dilated heart where the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity vouchsafed to dwell in some unusual way. Of the twenty-four hours of St. Philip's day well nigh as much was spent in seeing and hearing, and tasting and touching, and smelling the things and the fragrance of Heaven, as in seeing and hearing, and tasting and touching, and smelling the things of earth. I do not know any other Saint of whom this can be said. To put every thing else aside, only consider for a moment that sweet wonder which once was upon earth — St. Philip's Mass! I see before me now the little room where it was wont to be; how little did I, a Protestant stranger in that room years ago, dream I should ever be of the Saint's family, or that the Oratorian Father who shewed it me should in a few years be appointed by the Pope the novice-master of the English Oratorians! I remember how, when he kissed the glass of the case in which St. Philip's little bed is kept as a relic, he apologized to me as a Protestant, lest I should be scandalized, and told me with a smile how tenderly St. Philip's children loved their Father. I was not scandalized with his relic-worship then, but I can understand better now what he said about the love, the child-like love wherewith St. Philip inspired his sons. If any one had told me then that in seven short years I should wear the same habit, and the same white collar in the streets of

London, and be preaching a triduo in honour of Rome's apostle, I should have wondered how any one could dream so wild a dream. But the wise man said long ago, "The steps of man are guided by the Lord, but who is the man that can understand his own way?" Yes! I see before me the little room, it looks across the Tyber, upon whose barred and bolted door the server used, on retiring for hours, to leave the strange notice—"Silence! the Father is saying Mass!" When the superaltare faded away and the Crucifix seemed to lose itself in light, and the walls of the room to melt from before him, and Paradise, its peace, its beauty, its ravishing order, broke upon his sight, who can tell what things he saw in God, or how much of the future, his own future, his children's future, might then be made plain to him? Who can say that we ourselves, his English children, his last and least, born out of time, and unworthy of his name, did not pass before his spirit, and that our doings did not mingle with those overpowering thoughts which made his heart leap up, and the predella of the altar tremble beneath his feet? During those long hours, in that dim upstairs chapel, with its windows barred, how wonderfully and intimately earth met heaven, and heaven earth! Who can calculate the amount of work that was done for the Church at that time, nay, or the graces that were perhaps impetrated for our very selves, while the common daylight struggled through the chinks in the shutters, and fell upon the Lamb of God lying still upon the corporal, patiently abiding till His servant had had time to let the flames of his excessive love escape in tears and sighs which might be an angel's envy!

Thus then, so far as a mere creature could do so, St. Philip did in a very remarkable way image that double life of Viator and Comprehensor which in its reality could

belong alone to the theandrical existence of the Incarnate Word. But here you will object, and very justly, that this was not a representation of any gift or grace or special beauty of our most dear Lord, but rather an awful similitude which He vouchsafed to permit between Himself and one of His servants; and that it is therefore no answer whatever to the inquiry—what part of our Lord's character St. Philip, as a Saint, especially represents; for though the double state of our Blessed Lord was most intimately a portion of the mystery of the Incarnation, flowing immediately out of the Hypostatic Union, it is not of things of this sort that we venture to speak when we talk of the reflections of our Saviour's light and grace in His Saints. This is most true, and brings us a step nearer to the idea of St. Philip. There is no one grace more than another pre-eminent in him; there is no miraculous gift in which he so specially shone forth as thereby to eclipse his greatness in other ways; there is no one of the attractive characteristics of Jesus which was in Philip disproportioned to the others. In his measure and degree there is a supernatural harmony and equality in his graces, which again casts our thoughts, whether we will or not, upon Him who deigned to be the pattern of all holiness, and who was Himself the Eternal and the Holy One. When men looked back upon St. Francis of Assisi, who, born at the close of the twelfth century, was the light of the thirteenth, they could not see his special grace; they could not name the one virtue whereby St. Francis might be known and called; it was a galaxy of such equal lustre that distinction and separation were impossible. Then, when they beheld how, by the dispositions of Divine Providence, even the external life of the Patriarch of Assisi was visibly conformed to that of Jesus,

they adored the goodness of God who had given, not so much a pattern of one heroic virtue, not so much a Saint, as a Christ-like seraph to the Church; and Francis grew before their eyes no longer as the son of Pietro and Picca Bernardone, but as Jesus upon earth once more. This is the very idea of St. Francis in the Church; that he is a full-length portrait of our Lord upon earth. Men have gone so far as to write learned books to prove that it was so. They would have said, if they could, that his enamoured passion for poverty was his distinguishing grace; but they saw it was not poverty in any narrow or special sense with which he was in love, but that universal poverty, outward and inward, involuntary, voluntary, and self-sought, which was the substratum of the blessed life of Jesus upon earth; just as when we try to make St. Philip's love of humiliations his particular grace, we remember that it is but another name for St. Francis's poverty, that celestial temper, instinct and affection which was the underlying of all the human graces and beauty of the Incarnate Word. St. Philip and St. Francis have a specialty of their own. They stand together: we cannot help thinking of them together: we name them in one breath. We love one if we love the other. We wonder at them as such marvellously faithful copies of Jesus; and we understand the unbroken love and quick sympathy of well-nigh three hundred years which have existed between the Oratorians and Franciscans.

This then seems to be the true idea of St. Philip. At almost all periods of the history of the Church God is pleased to raise up for us martyrs, doctors, confessors, virgins, as we need them: they come to die for a truth which needs martyrdom to illustrate it, as St. John Nepomucene, or they come to found new religious orders,

as St. Dominic, or to revive the life of old orders, as St. Theresa, or to meet the emergencies of a crisis, as St. Ignatius, or to animate by practice new forms and modes, as St. Charles Borromeo did for the Council of Trent, or to protest against abuses, as St. Bernard, or to gain a battle by losing it, as St. Gregory VII., or to teach, as St. Thomas Aquinas, or to reform the clergy, as St. Alfonso, or to break in pieces secular tyranny, as St. Thomas of Canterbury, or to propagate the faith, as St. Francis Xavier, or to catechise children, as St. Joseph Calasancius, or to be the father of the fatherless, as St. Jerome Emilian, or to minister to the sick, as St. Camillus of Lellis, or to redeem captives, as St. John Matha, or to christianize a luxurious capital, as St. Vincent of Paul, or to pray upon the mountain-tops, as the seven Blessed Founders of the Servites, or to sit upon the throne of St. Peter, as St. Pius V. and the Ven. Innocent XI. Each comes with his work to do, or with his pain to suffer, or with his lesson to teach. They come when they are wanted; they are unknown, or mistaken, while they are alive; they are known, and understood, and worshipped, when they are dead. They do not come by chance. Grace knows no capriciousness, though it so often looks as if it did. God sends them, and they fit their times. Perhaps, if we had spiritual discernment to find it out, there may be something of a general law in the successive and various appearances of Saints along the line of the Church's History. Certainly Saints seem to reproduce their like in a very remarkable way, and as it were by law, under the control of special devotions. The crowd of Beatified Franciscan Lay-brothers is a remarkable instance of this.

As God has given these Saints with their special work

or distinct lesson to His Church from time to time, each reflecting some gift or grace which was in Him who is the Source of grace; so has He twice vouchsafed to give to His Church full-length portraits of Jesus, Saints who should seem to represent Him entire, so far as their lowness would permit. As, in the Middle Ages, St. Francis was recognised as the shadow of Jesus upon earth, so for Modern Times we may venture to say the same of St. Philip. Twice, I say, God has mercifully vouchsafed to do this: from 1182 to 1226, for five and forty years St. Francis was given to the Church; and during the whole course of the sixteenth century, except its first fifteen and its last five years, St. Philip was granted to Christendom, and was the Apostle of its capital, a new successor of St. Peter and St. Paul by a supernatural and extraordinary succession. As I am speaking to Catholics, I need not fear lest I should seem irreverent in doing for St. Philip what so many generations of our Catholic ancestors have done for St. Francis—in venturing to compare him with our Blessed Lord. Of course we do not for one moment forget that He is God and they are His creatures; that what they have and are allowed to be is all of Him; but I am sure that nothing short of this comparison will enable us to understand St. Philip aright, just as our forefathers felt that nothing short of this was the true expression of St. Francis. So it is that they stand apart in a circle separate from other Saints; and this is their *differentia*. I repeat then that the true idea of St. Philip is, that God gave him to the Church as a full portrait of Jesus, to be a singular significant type for Modern Times, just as St. Francis was a singularly significant type for the Middle Ages.

Now it is not any mere external picturesque likeness

to our Blessed Lord's earthly life and ministry that I am referring to; but to a similitude of a much deeper kind. I will illustrate what I mean by an example. Shortly after the middle of the fourteenth century, the city of Siena, in Tuscany, even yet a strange mediæval-looking place, seen far and wide with its uneven cluster of top-heavy towers, sent forth into Italy, by a providential banishment, a little band of exiles, drawn in great measure from the middle classes. They were headed by the Blessed John Colombini. All they wanted was to be like Jesus; they were called Gesuati, from His Name. The Blessed John went over hill and dale with his followers; they preached in the fields and in the streets; their sermons, as we read them in the pure old Italian at this day, were full of the unearthly sweetness and savoury unction of the discourses of our Lord. When they came to a town they cried out, "Viva Gesù!" and when the startled inhabitants came out to look at these strange heralds, they preached repentance and the sweetness of Jesus. They were the poorest of earth's poor, yet kinder to the poor than the rich or the noble were. When driven out of one city they betook them to another. Siena was their Nazareth, and Arezzo their Capharnaum; and they had their Bethany, and their Bethphage, and their Bethsaida and the rest, in Lucca and in Pisa, in Pistoja and in Florence, in Corneto and in Viterbo. And so they wandered on: their only passion was to be like Jesus. They were taken up as heretics; but the Cardinal of Marseilles and the Inquisitor acquitted them of the charge. Then Pope Urban favoured them, and gave them a habit, and made them a religious Order, and they called themselves the "Poor Little Ones of Jesus." The blue waves of the lake of Bolsena, with its heavenly island, and the fairy-land round about—these were to them the Lake of Tiberias,

with its rhododendron-covered shores. And they were blessed by God, because of their simplicity, and He gave a marvellous power to their interior doctrine ; and barons and peasants, nay, churchmen and prelates too, were pricked to the heart, and put on the yoke of Christ, and paid obedience to the Blessed John and his rough Apostles. At last a fever came, and in the city of Aquapendente, a green, quiet, beautiful spot on the confines of the Papal States, the Blessed John gave back his soul to God, and went to see Him whom he had been trying to copy with all the peculiar picturesque simplicity of the Middle Ages. Those ages present few pictures equal in beauty to that depicted in the tender quaint old Chronicle of the Blessed Colombini, and it was a book St. Philip was constantly fingering, and recommended to others as a simple tale that had the power to laugh all pride to scorn. Now this was a copy of Jesus in a pictorial way, and in the external, objective style of mediæval art. When I call St. Philip a copy of Jesus, I do not mean this, but something deeper and more significant.

I have tried your patience, perhaps, more than I need have done. I have come a long way and by a roundabout road to my point, lest I should take you unawares, and startle you, and so prevent myself from convincing you. Now, I am going to be so bold as to put before you my dear Father St. Philip, as the portrait of Jesus, trusting that the example of what our Catholic forefathers have said of St. Francis will shield me from the charge of being profane.

We must preface these points of resemblance with a brief and bare sketch of St. Philip's life, considered in its chronological developement. The first sixteen years of his life were spent at home in Florence ; a trifling act of petulance seems the only thing approaching to sin which

has been recorded, and it is universally believed that he carried with him to the grave the unsullied whiteness of his baptism. The characteristics of his boyhood were innocence and seriousness mingled in an unusual way; and the supernatural was developed about him so early, that we read of his recovering, while yet a boy, things which he had lost, by praying for them. The sweetness of his disposition and the winningness of his manner are proved not only by actual record, but by the facts that he was known through Florence by the nickname of "The Good Pippo," and that, when his mother was dead, he so won the heart of his stepmother, that his biographer says, "She loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own child; so that when he left Florence she wept bitterly, and on her death-bed appeared to have him always before her, kept naming his name, and declared that the very remembrance of him was a refreshment to her." The next epoch of Philip's life embraces two years which he spent with his uncle Romolo, a merchant of San Germano, at the foot of Monte Cassino. There he spent his time in prayer upon a mountain dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity, received his first call from God, renounced the joys of home, the faces of relatives, the promises of his uncle's inheritance, and turning his back upon the world, which he never looked in the face again, he entered Rome an almost friendless pilgrim, apparently without an object or a plan, but simply sure in his heart that whither God had called him, thither had he gone. The third epoch of his life embraces eleven years, bringing him to the age of twenty-nine. These years were spent in abstinence of the most austere kind, and continual prayer, and a great portion of them, whole days and nights together, in those strange refuges of the early Church, the subterraneans or catacombs of

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St. Sebastian. Yet these eleven years witnessed a remarkable change in him, though we are unable to fix the exact year in which it took place. During the earlier portion of these eleven years he applied himself to philosophical and theological studies, and cultivated his peculiar talent for poetry. Later on, God called him closer to Himself; St. Thomas was shut; the hours of study were added to his hours of contemplation; and the young poet abandoned his hopes of fame, and sacrificed to God his sonnets, and his gift of rhyme. In 1538, when he was but twenty-five years old, and a layman, he was called to employ himself for the souls of others, and for that end made use of his extraordinary talent for conversation, "going about the squares, shops, schools, and stalls, talking with all sorts of persons in a most engaging way about spiritual things." The fourth epoch of his life begins in 1544, his thirtieth year, when, in the catacombs of St. Sebastian, being at prayer there a little before the festival of Whitsun-tide, the Holy Ghost entered his heart miraculously as a globe of fire, bursting his ribs asunder. His life now became ecstatic: he used to be seen in the porticoes of the churches, and elsewhere, rolling on the ground, as one beside himself with the vehemence of the interior fire which consumed him. And at last his ecstasies so nearly exhausted him, that he prayed to have them moderated; a petition which was at once granted by Him who had vouchsafed to take such strange possession of his heart. The fifth epoch of his life begins in 1548, when he was thirty-three. It was then that he had attracted to himself fifteen poor and unlearned men, of uncommon simplicity and singular holiness; and with these fifteen disciples he started the Confraternity of the Pilgrims and the Convalescents, which is still so famous in Rome, and also gave a new impulse to the

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devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, by commencing a monthly Exposition, at which, though yet a layman, he used to preach, and that with such supernatural effect, that we read of one sermon alone converting "thirty dissolute youths." The sixth epoch of his life, which begins in 1551, the Council of Trent still sitting, and Philip being thirty-six years old, starts with his priesthood, and his getting together a second knot of disciples of seven or eight, of the higher ranks, and so beginning the exercises of the Oratory at San Girolamo. It ends on St. Cecilia's Day, 1583, a period of nearly thirty-three years, when Philip was in his sixty-ninth year, and went in procession through the streets with his disciples, with all his pots and pans and furniture, to the ridicule of the multitude, from San Girolamo to the Vallicella, which is now the Church of the Oratory at Rome. The seventh and last epoch of his life brings us down to the 26th of May, 1595, when he died that marvellous death which is so beautifully narrated in Bacci's Life of him, 255 years ago this very day.

Even from this dry sketch of his life, you may perceive, my Brethren, that St. Philip's Life was on the whole a quiet life like that of his Master. There is nothing of romance about it, and almost less of stirring vicissitude than ordinary lives of eighty years could shew. His heroism was of the quiet kind; the calm perseverance and everyday consistency of his life was itself supernatural. God, through the Evangelist St. John, had designated Rome as Philip's Indies, and he rarely went beyond its walls. His chief recreation was to mount the steep hill of Sant' Onofrio, and thence to gaze upon the little populous kingdom which God had given him, and which he ruled with a peaceful but active sovereignty as absolute as his who wore the triple crown.

Now let me call your attention to some features of St. Philip which make him so striking a resemblance of our Most Blessed Lord.

1. First, then, his way of life was the most perfect way of which our Lord had set the example; it was not exclusively active, nor yet exclusively contemplative, but the mixed life which St. Thomas considered the most perfect of all. It was marked by a scrupulous absence of all singularity. When in company, he ate as others did, and conformed to their ways. Although he was a great lover of religious orders, he never took the vows of religion upon him; neither, although he came as a popular reformer, and among a very corrupt populace, did he found a religious order. He always resolutely opposed the introduction of vows into his Congregation, and said that it was contrary to our Blessed Lady's will, and that she was the foundress of the Congregation. Nay, it almost seems as if he tried not to found a Congregation at all. He was led to it in spite of himself. As our Lord was the founder of the Secular Clergy, and left to St. John the Baptist the task of setting the pattern to the Regular Orders, so St. Philip would have his children live together in apostolic community of simplicity and free will, and remain members of the divinely instituted body of the Secular Clergy. His taste, as we shall see hereafter, led him altogether to the first times of primitive Christianity, and not to the later glories and gorgeous romance of the Church. His austerities, and especially his abstinence, were very great; but it is not till we come to reflect upon them that we get to realize them. By the side of St. Charles, or St. Pius, they look little, as our Lord's mortifications did when men compared them with those of the Baptist; and, like our Lord's, they consisted chiefly in three things, a quiet

unintermitting absence of all comforts, an almost unreflecting detachment from worldly cares and interests, and an habitually declining to get out of the way of crosses. All these points might be illustrated very fully from his life. He lived as it were in the continual presence of the Madonna, seeing her, hearing her, and talking to her. He obeyed her in every thing, as his foundress and mother, and carried out faithfully all the inspirations with which she favoured him. Need I stop to point out how this familiar intercourse and filial obedience must remind us of our Lord? As our Blessed Lord confined Himself to the narrow limits of Judæa, and scrupled even to do works of mercy for foreigners, leaving the wide world for the feet of His apostles, who were to do greater works than He did; so, though St. Philip's heart burned for the far-off Indies, and for the crown of Martyrdom, and in the vehemence of his spirit he followed Xavier with a holy envy, yet he was but sent to the sheep of the Holy City, and to his flock he kept himself with heroic perseverance. He left it to his children to cover Mexico and South America with Oratories, and to convert Ceylon by the spiritual exercises and wonder-working pictures of their holy Father. As Jesus wept at the sight of Jerusalem, and yearned over the people of God's ancient choice, so it is said of Philip, that when by chance he met a Jew in the streets, "his desire for his conversion was so great that he broke out into sighs and tears;" and he brought many of those lost ones of the House of Israel into his Master's fold. In imitation of our Saviour's commiseration for heretical Samaria, he too left his confessional, thirsting for souls, and strove to win the heretic Palæologo, as he was being led out to execution; and how much is there to remind us of our Lord's

way with the woman of Samaria, when at last the wretched man, aroused by grace, eagerly inquires for "the man who speaks with the simplicity of the Gospel"!

Once more: who, in reading the Gospels, is not struck with the way in which our Blessed Lord speaks of the Holy Spirit, and the jealousy with which He protects His honour, in comparison with His forgivingness towards those who outrage Himself? I am not speaking of our Blessed Lord, as if He, like His Saints, had special devotions: but I wish to call your attention to the way in which, to use very human words, He vouchsafes to manifest to us His blessed love of the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity. If I may dare to say so, He speaks unlike His common self when He speaks of Him. That awful passage about the unforgiven sin, which rises up from all His other teaching with terrific singularity, like some dark and solitary and awe-inspiring rock from the bosom of the plain sea, must be in every one's mind; and then again those words, so hard to understand and harder still to realize, that the absence of Jesus could be a gain, since it was the condition of the coming of the Holy Ghost. Now look along the whole line of Saints, and where will you find one of whom you can say that a special, unusual, nay, as you know, supernatural devotion to the Third Blessed Person of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, was a characteristic, except of St. Philip? It has not pleased our Lord to give us the authentic details of St. Joseph's life; but we may well conceive of a very peculiar devotion in that blessed Patriarch towards the Divine Person who was our Lady's Spouse, and who had vouchsafed to overshadow her at the moment of the Incarnation. Of St. Gregory the Great, too, devotion to whom Philip left as an heirloom to his Congregation, and of St.

Gregory VII., we read things which would lead us to infer the same. But in no case is there anything so explicit or detailed about this devotion as in St. Philip. There was the miraculous entrance of the Holy Ghost into his heart, and all its subsequent unearthly palpitations, and fiery heat physically perceived by those who approached him; and it is said that he never omitted saying the Collect of the Holy Ghost at Mass when the rubrics allowed him to do so, because of his ardent devotion to that Divine Person. Surely all these things indicate a more than common or fortuitous or pictorial similitude between our Blessed Lord's life and that of our holy Father, St. Philip.

2. From his manner of life let us turn to his method of working, especially with his Disciples. Here his resemblance to our Lord becomes still more striking. He wrote no books; he left no formal rule; he sketched out no definite system. He spoke, and his power was in his speech; like Him of whom it was said, that He spake as never man spake before. His strength was in personal influence, and he trusted to it. Conversation and manner were the two great gifts God had given him, and he used them quite marvellously. He formed a school of men, not a magnificent and comprehensive legislation, as his blessed contemporary, St. Ignatius. His was a living apostolate of flesh and blood; and personal influence, and fluent speech, and simple manner, have been the secrets of his children's success, wherever they have imbibed the true spirit of his Institute: the absence of them the cause of their partial or their ill success. The simplicity and primitive style of his early penitents, as depicted in his Life, are very striking. His way with them, his claim of obedience, yet his forbearance, his concealment of his

sanctity even from them, the remarkable manner in which he called people in the midst of the streets of Rome to come and follow him, like the vocations of the first Apostles:—these, and many other things of a like nature, present remarkable points of resemblance to our Lord: and when you consider the age in which St. Philip lived, this oral teaching, and absence of system, and comparative foregoing of literary influence, become still more significant.

3. Look again at his manner with strangers. No one has read his Life without being struck by his bearing towards sinners, and the way in which he sought them out, the uncommon kindness and patience with which he treated them, and altogether the singular devotion he had for them. As Jesus even gave scandal by becoming the companion and advocate of sinners; so did Philip. It is acknowledged on all hands that there was something special about him in this respect. “By a particular inspiration,” says his biographer, “he began to converse with men of the very worst lives.” The streets, the shops, the stalls, the squares, the vineyards, were his preaching-places. The characteristics of his preaching were simplicity, fervour, spirituality, absence of rigour, allowance for men’s weakness, inculcation of joyousness, gaiety of demeanour, variety, matter suitable to all, manner that seemed to win the most opposite dispositions. He was seen going about with a troop of disciples at his heels, as Christlike a figure as ever was beheld in the Church of God; as like our Lord in the streets of the Holy City and the courts of its temple, as St. Francis by the shores of the lake of Perugia, with his disciple taking the toll from the fish’s mouth, resembled Him on the banks of the sea of Tiberias. Nay, sometimes he spoke and acted as though

there were something expiatory about him, and that he would do the penance which he saw was frightening or might frighten the returning sinner.

4. I must not omit, although I have spoken of it before, to call to your remembrance the almost habitual ecstasies which he had; so that at table, and in the Pope's antechamber, as well as in spiritual actions, he was continually going off into ecstasy; and thus enjoying a sort of vision of God before the time, and that for almost half his natural life, just as our Lord was Comprehensor all the while that He was Viator too. As to that perpetual efflux of miraculous energy which went out from him, it is difficult to conceive what common life must have looked like in Rome, when such a man was going about its streets—may I say it?—like another Christ, with virtue passing from the very fringes of his garments, nay, from the very rags which bound his sores.

5. Again: let a man take up St. Philip's Life, and read it through from beginning to end, looking only for one thing—the way in which others regarded him. You will find people acting, in his absence, as if he were present, from a calm and practical conviction that he, wherever he was, knew what they were doing. Others durst not come into his presence with an unconfessed sin upon their conscience. He could tell what people had dreamed, and they knew it. When he sent them on an errand, he could see how they behaved along the streets, and they were conscious of it, and felt his eye on them. Men falling into rivers invoked him, while living, as if he could hear them, and they were saved. If the physicians ordered one thing and Philip another, his penitents obeyed him rather than the physicians. Superiors and novice-masters, and even religious orders trusted their most deli-

cate interests to him. In the matter of vocation he was looked upon as infallible. You will find, in his Life, those who by their behaviour will remind you of Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, and others in the Gospel history. Read the Life with this view, and see what things it will open out to you. I think it was Origen who said of our Lord, that He was to each what each took Him for: it is quite remarkable how this feature too is verified in St. Philip. It is difficult to realize what would happen to our daily course of life, if we lived in the company of one who exerted such a supernatural influence over us, and of whose doings and sayings we should habitually take so entirely a supernatural view. It would be a kind of practice of the Presence of God even by the senses; for what we should fear and love would not be what was natural in Philip, but what was God's gift and presence in His creature.

There does not seem any method of accounting for the way in which St. Philip was regarded by his disciples, or for his extraordinary influence over them, except by calling it supernatural. He did not pass over the world, changing from one set of companions to another: he remained in the same place, and in a great measure with the same persons. Boys grew up to be men, young prelates to be cardinals, cardinals to be popes; while everything else changed with them, their devotion to St. Philip and his influence over them remained the same. Some of his spiritual children lived with him, and were under his own eye nearly all day long, and that for a score of years or more; they were privy to all the minute actions of his daily life, yet their reverence for him increased instead of being impaired. It is a common saying that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and certainly

the intercourse of daily life is not long in bringing us to the end of most men. We "travel over their minds," as Boswell used to say; we get to know their excellencies, and the length and breadth of their characters; we may continue to love them and to prize their company, but we have nothing left to learn about them, and in most cases love and forbearance must more or less stand in the stead of respect. But St. Philip was perpetually growing before the eyes of his companions. When they came to die, they expressed surprise, as Niccolò Gigli did, that they had not *known* Philip before. It was a lifelong lesson to learn him, and life was done before the lesson was learned. It is difficult to say in what his power of attraction resided; but men felt it to be irresistible. When he detached some of his spiritual children from San Girolamo to San Giovanni dei Fiorentini, they used to go to the Saint, at San Girolamo, to confession every morning; then a second time to preach, or hear the preaching there, and then a third time to the evening prayer. This lasted for ten years, and, as Bacci relates, they "never missed, winter, or summer. Indeed, neither rain nor hardly any other outward hindrance caused them to fail at the accustomed services at San Girolamo." It seemed as if they could not keep away from St. Philip; they gravitated to him as by a law. People flocked around him in such a way as to attract the notice of the Cardinal Vicar, who, "misled by ill-natured information, summoned Philip before him, and rebuked him with great severity. 'Are you not ashamed,' said he, 'you who make such a profession of despising the world, of gathering together such a multitude of persons to court popular repute, and under the pretence of sanctity thus to hunt for preferment?' When he had thus bitterly reproved him, he forbade him

to hear confessions for fifteen days, or to have any more exercises without fresh license, or to go about with any company of persons, threatening him with imprisonment if he was disobedient." Bacci goes on to say: "Philip had always esteemed obedience above everything else, especially towards ecclesiastical superiors, and, therefore, he forbade his disciples to go with him. He told them to have patience, for that the world would find out the truth at last, and meanwhile they were to pray. Indeed, to hinder them as much as he could from following him, he had recourse to an artifice, for, when they went out of the house, he told some that they were to go to one place, and others that they were to go to another place; yet, for all that, they could not *bear to be without him*, and so they used to step aside and wait for him, and, when he was passed, they followed him at a distance." Let me quote one more passage from Bacci, as to the extent and degree of Philip's influence. "It was not only from his subjects that he exacted the most scrupulous and prompt obedience, but from all his penitents, and those who were devoted to him. Indeed, there was nothing, however difficult, which the majority of them would not readily have attempted at his command. Cardinal Tarugi affirms, that though his subjects were not bound to him by a vow of obedience, yet some of them almost equalled the old monks of Egypt in the exactitude of their submission; and on some other occasions, when the Cardinal was speaking upon this subject, and exhorting some of our house to obedience, he said, that so far as he knew, there was no religious superior, not even of old times, that was more readily and blindly obeyed than Philip was, not by his subjects only, but by his disciples and penitents; so *beloved and feared* was he by all of them. Neither was

this assertion unfounded ; for many of their own accord affirmed, that they had such faith in Philip, that if he had said to them, ‘ throw yourself out of the window,’ they would have done so without fail ; and others declared, that if he had ordered them to throw themselves into the fire, they would have done so without reasoning upon it, because they considered his words as inspired by God.” And then he goes on to relate a number of instances in order that “ all this may not appear exaggerated.”

Yet this influence, which so allured men, was, after all, a restraint upon them. No one could ever feel quite at his ease with Philip, however tenderly he might be devoted to the Saint. The love of his disciples was never without fear. Judging from Bacci’s voluminous records, no one ever dared to take a liberty with the holy Father. He was never, so to speak, in his undress, never off his guard, never lowering himself below his usual level, so as to allow of greater freedom and intimacy on the part of his disciples. Thus nothing about him ever became common, and reverence for him never wore away. We should not have supposed that such an influence as this would have been so irresistibly attractive to the gay nobility and light-hearted youth of Rome. Even now, those who are devoted to St. Philip feel something of this peculiar influence. They begin by thinking him an easy saint, all merriment and lightness, all familiarity and endearment, and they imagine they shall soon be on the best possible terms with him. Then, as they get to know him better, by reading his Life, by imitating his ways, and by praying to him, somehow a change takes place ; they begin to see that his sweet-looking picture is, after all, very stern and grave, and that, when they first read his Life, the delight of one half of it made them quite forget the other

half; and at last the idea of St. Philip steadies itself in their minds, and exerts an influence over them similar to that which his disciples acknowledged while he was alive. Bacci's *Life of the Saint* is not a bad illustration of the way in which men looked upon him; they did not even venture to praise him, or, to speak more truly, it never came to them to praise one who was simply above all standards to which they could refer their praise. No one who has studied Bacci will think it fanciful to compare it with the style of the Four Gospels; and this is but another way of saying that St. Philip was a portrait of our Blessed Lord.

6. I must not pass altogether over certain other resemblances, which may, however, be more like accidents. These similitudes are more striking at first sight, but they do not, on mature reflection, leave so lasting a conviction behind, and I do not wish to make much of them; still I can hardly be silent about them with reverence, because I cannot bring myself to think them merely accidental, especially when we consider the complete supernaturalness of St. Philip in every respect. His devotion to Rome, whither Jesus sent St. Peter to place the Holy See, is a thing of this kind. When people came in pilgrimage to Jesus He was moved to compassion, and said "They have nothing to eat:" so St. Philip yearned over the pilgrims, and founded his confraternity that they might not be sent away fasting. "Be not ye called Master," said our Lord: so from St. Philip, says his biographer, "came the custom in our congregation of calling the superior by the simple title of The Father." "Enter into thy chamber and shut to the door, and pray to thy Father who is in secret," says our Lord: so St. Philip forbids seeking for sweetness or making a show of devotion in the church, even though the Blessed Sacrament

would naturally lure us thither, and enjoins prayer in our rooms; not, of course, to the exclusion of visiting the Most Holy in His Tabernacle, but so as to avoid any appearance of more than common devotion, and at times when we think it likely that our feelings may overcome us at our prayers, and so lead to some outward show of piety. Affectionate sympathy with animals and nature characterized our holy Father, as it did his Master. His wonderful forbearance in making use of his supernatural knowledge, which might easily have chilled the affectionate familiarity of his disciples, is remarkable in St. Philip. The way in which fear and love co-existed in the minds of his subjects towards him, forcibly reminds us of our Lord and the Apostles. When some complained to our Lord that others were making use of His Name, He replied, "He that is not against Me is for Me;" so, when St. Philip was told that others in Rome were copying the peculiar exercises of the Oratory, his answer was, "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets." We read of people coming to him by night, because they feared being observed by day, as Nicodemus of old. His hands had a special virtue in them, like our Lord's. He left his work unfinished, only beginning at his death; as if the training of his Apostolate was all he looked to, just as the Church began after our Lord had ascended. He, the most impartial of fathers and equable of superiors, universal in his love, never unequal in his considerateness,—even he had a favourite disciple, whom his brethren, with St. John before their eyes, nicknamed the "Disciple whom Philip loved": and yet (it was Philip's art) Tarugi or Baronius had no more jealousy of Pietro Consolini than Peter had of John, when his long hair was streaming over that Sacred Bosom in which the head

of the child-like virgin Apostle was so confidently nestling. But these things might be multiplied indefinitely. I do not rest upon them. When we love St. Philip, they are interesting; perhaps they may be something more than interesting, if they suggest devotion.

7. I suppose most readers of the Gospel must have been struck with the fact, that although the Apostles had such an amount of knowledge of our Blessed Lord, had seen His miracles, and had so much experience of Him, yet they never seem to have been able to put real confidence in Him in times of trial. It is as if their knowledge was not practical to them; and it may have arisen from the spirit of concealment which was such a feature in our Blessed Lord's humility: though this can by no means be taken as the whole account of the matter. Now there is the very same feature in the behaviour of St. Philip's children to him. Instances abound on all hands. They want to buy the monastery of the Poor Clares, when he told them not: nay, to sum up all instances in one:—F. Niccolò Gigli was a favourite disciple of St. Philip; he lived under him in the Congregation of the Oratory for twenty years; yet he so little estimated Philip's supernatural graces, than when, on his death-bed, he was troubled by the evil spirits, and Philip drove them away, Niccolò said, "O my Father! why have I not known thee before? Now that I die, I begin to know who and what thou art!" May not this remind us of that gentle expostulation made to an Apostle—"Have I been so long time with you, and have you not known Me?"

8. It would take me too long to draw out the parallel between the opposition to St. Philip and that which our Lord met with. If Jesus was called "a glutton

and a winedrinker"; so was the Saint, because of the frugal repast he gave his followers on their pilgrimages to the Seven Churches. If our Lord was charged with sedition; so was Philip; and the simple Apostolic exercises of the Oratory, and Philip's hold over his spell-bound followers, were spitefully invested with a dangerous political character. If our Lord was looked upon as beside Himself; so was St. Philip over and over again. If our Lord was accused of trying to make Himself the head of a faction; so was St. Philip, by one high in office, and who punished him for it.

But I must not forget, my Brethren, that you cannot have the same interest in all the minute details of St. Philip's life that we his children naturally have, and that St. Philip in the Church is your St. Philip, St. Philip in the House is ours: so here I will conclude my proof, and leave it with you. What I have wished to do is simply to shew you that the true idea of St. Philip is, that he was a copy of Jesus, not in any one respect, but, so far as he could be, a copy of Him altogether, given by God for the Church of Modern Times, a second Apostle of Rome, a fresh Peter, to start an apostolical kindheartedness and simplicity anew. Will you call it a play upon words if I quote a text of Scripture? "And Jesus looking upon him, said, Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter. On the following day He would go forth into Galilee; and He findeth Philip. And Jesus said to him, Follow Me. Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter."

One word more:—I have not done justice to my own idea; I ought to have brought it out more distinctly. I have not sufficiently remembered that a hint

at St. Philip's life is not necessarily enough for you, because it is more than enough for us his children. When feelings are so deep as to become abiding and household feelings, a man is more awkward in uttering them than when he first seized the idea, shining, distinct, external, from off the surface of some current of meditation. You have all your patron Saints; and you know what it is to love them. You pray often and ardently to St. Philip, and you best know the hold which the gay and good old Saint has got upon your hearts, each one of you. But you cannot know—and an Oratorian cannot tell you, it is beyond his power—the difference between devotion to St. Philip, and obedience to him under his own rule and beneath his own roof.

O my Father! never did a Saint in Heaven dwell so really on earth as thou dost; and never did children love father as we love thee, and never did they more sacredly fear a father's infrequent coldness or the grave majesty of his seemingly inspired displeasure. There thy pale Tuscan face shines out amid the lights, thine ample brow, the piercing softness of thine eye, the lips that seem even now tremulous with words of wisdom, thy grace-dispensing hands, and those never-forgotten beads. But thy face as I see it on the air, thy breath that seems to play upon my countenance, thy hand whose touch I feel, thy voice that I am momentarily expecting to hear, while I go about thy house, do the community acts which thou wouldst have me do, or while, alas! still more, I follow my own silly will and neglect thy rule—this is an abiding, a day and night image of thee, to which that picture is so incomparably poor a thing, that it hinders more than helps my memory of

thee. I know more of thee every day: I am always learning some new thing about thee; and when I die, like Niccolò Gigli, I shall know that I have never known thee before. Take us all, my Father,—take my fathers and brothers and myself, do what thou wilt for us, do what thou wilt with us—and in the same proportion as we realize and obey and love thy presence while we live, so, Father, be thy succour of us at the last!

LECTURE SECOND.

ST. PHILIP THE REPRESENTATIVE SAINT OF MODERN
TIMES.

I TRIED to shew, in my Lecture last night, that the true idea of St. Philip was, that God had given him to the Church as a portrait of Jesus; not in the same sense in which all Saints are likenesses of their Lord and Master, but in a more intimate and significant way, which Catholic generations had already recognised and revered in St. Francis. I said also that he was given in a special way, and with a special mission, to Modern Times. Yesterday, we were simply engaged in drawing out St. Philip's supernaturalness, and his likeness to Jesus; to-day we must look at him as the Representative Saint of Modern Times.

1. In the first place, then, let us ask ourselves what we mean by the expression "Modern Times," and whether we intend anything more than the fact, that the sixteenth and following centuries come chronologically after the twelfth and following centuries. Now, we are naturally speaking here of the Church, not of the world. It is of course true, that in her essentials the Church never changes; her constitution is divine, and is not therefore subject to the action of time and vicissitude, as merely human communities must be, and

as religious sects and triumphant heresies so eminently are. Yet, no one will deny that her lineaments, and her outward physiognomy, change most strikingly; nay more, her interior life as well; and from the very fact that her mission is to interfere with the world, to mould it or to thwart it, it must necessarily be that she should present herself to us under very different appearances. Let a man try to construct in his mind a complete idea of the Church of the Catacombs, and the daily life of its members, and then ask himself whether the Church of Constantine, which was essentially the same Church, was not a very different-looking thing from the Church of the Catacombs. When he has well studied the Byzantine Church, and its relations to the civilisation to which it belonged, let him look at the Church of Innocent III., the Church of the Mediæval Papacy, and is not the difference still more striking? Again, let him turn his gaze from the varied magnificence of the Mediæval Church to the Tridentine Church, which is before the eyes of the inhabitants of the earth at this day; is the discrepancy at all less remarkable? So that, although in one sense the Church remains always the same, because her divine life is continuous, in another sense she differs from her own past appearances very materially. Here is a clumsy simile, but one which perhaps will make my meaning more clear, for it is what every one has noticed for himself, and so will find no difficulty in the interpretation. Let us suppose a perfectly cloudless sky; and we behold climbing above the horizon a white bank of cloud; it mounts up into the blue heavens, distinct and solitary; there is no other cloud that it can be mistaken for; it assumes the shape of one of the Andes, then it builds itself

up into a castle, then it takes the figure of a dragon, next it collapses into a shapeless mass of luminous whiteness, then it opens out and is formed into a ship and sails along, last of all it lies like a flat shoal upon the level of the current. Just as the wind tells upon it, so does it assume these various shapes, and persons who see it at one part of its career as a castle, think the ship-like cloud which they behold after an interval a different one; but he who saw it rise on one side, and dip down beneath the horizon on the other can testify to its being one and the same cloud. This is an imperfect representation of the History of the Church: there are the manifold changes, the unbroken identity, and the reason, too, why people do not see what to us Catholics is more than obvious, and so requires no demonstration.

It is plain that these different phases of the Church are the dispositions of God, and that they exercise a most material influence upon the Christian life of her members. The very essence of heresy and schism is constantly found in the disobedient and antiquarian worship of some pet past ages of the Church, in contradistinction to the present age, in which a man's duties lie, and wherein the spirit and vigour of the living Church are in active and majestic energy. The Church of a heretic or schismatic is in books and on paper: it may be the Apostolic age, or the Nicene age, or the Eighth century, or the Thirteenth, or the Fifteenth, or among the Paulicians on the banks of the Danube, or the Albigenses of fair Thoulouse. A Catholic, on the contrary, belongs to the divine, living, acting, speaking, controlling Church, and recognises nothing in past ages beyond an edifying and instructive record of a dispensation, very beautiful and fit for its day,

but under which God has not cast his lot, and which, therefore, he has no business to meddle with or to endeavour to recall. One age may evoke his sympathies, or harmonize with his taste, more than another. Yet he sees beauty in all and fitness in all, because his faith discerns Providence in all. It is his characteristic as a Catholic, that, while he may have antiquarian edification, he can have no antiquarian worships, no narrow and heretical idolatry of the past; I say heretical, for such, in the end, by the force of its own principles, it must evolve itself. Events prove it; antiquarianism is at this day one of the most plausible objections to submission to the Church. This is no new thing; it is an old note of heresy. Hence men who have an instinctive dislike of the papacy, by the same instinct fall back on the patriarchal system of the fourth century. Those whose anti-hierarchical antipathies are stronger, go back to primitive episcopacy and the right of election in the people, if they bring themselves to admit the sacerdotal principle in Christianity at all! They whose unimaginative minds cannot appreciate the broad and various creation of modern rubrics and devotions, that marvellous and surpassingly beautiful Cosmos of the Catholic Church, yearn for the dim and affecting solemnity of the *Disciplina Arcani* in old times, as if old darkness were better than modern light, and progress simply an anti-Christian barbarism. All such persons, as, of course, they themselves acknowledge, nay, are forward to boast of it, are more or less out of tune with the living Church of their own day, and so find their so-called Catholic sympathies impeded, and their sensibilities mortified, and their religious life dwarfed and damaged. To en throne a past age in our affections above the one which

God has given us in His Church is, implicitly at least, to adopt the formula of heresy and schism. To do so explicitly is incompatible with an orthodox belief, as well as with a true Catholic obedience. The past has a thousand uses to us; it loses every one of them as soon as we begin to idolize it. Such an idolatry drives us upon ends we never aimed at; but we do not fairly see them till our course is beyond our own control. Both the admirable and the imitable are to be found in sufficient abundance in the past. What is admirable we admire for what it was, and look at it as it actually took place. What is imitable is subject to the categories of time, place and circumstances, and requires adaptation; the spirit of the past, and so its beauty, are lost in the stupid servility of a dull unimaginative copy. Hence it is that all mere revivals, as contrary to the nature of a living and immaculate Church, are either, when accidents favour them, the galvanic life of a heresy or a schism, or, when imbecility, or good though mistaken intention accompany them, an innocuous ineptitude and blunder. A cheerful, reverent, submissive, admiring loyalty to the present epoch of the Church, and to the Rome of to-day,—this is the health, and sinew, and heat of the real Catholic life.

If the whole history of the world, and even the developement of physical discovery, is the disposition of a particular Providence, much more abundant and indubitable are the signs of that special Providence in the chronicles of the Church, which is the elect portion of the world. Thus we are by no means surprised to find the different successive phases of the Church having their own special Saints, who are like guardian-angels to them. These Saints symbolize their age to those who come after; but they do more than this; they are, often uncon-

sciously, inspired to guide the age, like another Moses, to the new land which God is about to bestow upon it; its spirit starts with them, it may be with one Saint or with many; and it animates their own contemporaries, and perhaps several succeeding generations. These are the heroes of the Christian Church, the supernatural creations of grace, the likenesses of the Incarnate Word. They come at particular seasons, as the Hebrew Prophets did; and the world at first thinks meanly of them and silences them, and learns afterwards, for the world is ever a slow learner, that it has been more beholden to them than words can tell. This to a certain extent explains the mutability which there seems to be in the cultus of the Saints. Persons who have a great love for the early ages of Christianity, are surprised to find the feasts of great Saints of those names only honoured in the present Church with a semi-double rite. But it should be remembered that the cultus of the Saints is by no means necessarily proportioned to their heavenly glory. It is for our sakes, not their own, that they are worshipped. Just as God wills to work miracles for fifty years at the tomb of a certain Saint, and then the fountain of supernatural favours seems to dry up; so it may please Him to inspire the popular mind of the Church with an enthusiastic devotion for particular Saints at particular times, for reasons hidden to us, but which have to do with the sanctity of the Body Mystical. The extraordinary devotion to St. Philumena, in modern Italy, is a remarkable case in point. There can be little doubt but that in the holy city itself the devotion to St. Philip has interfered with the previous devotion to St. Antony of Padua. The devotion of the north of Italy to St. Thomas of Canterbury is also another remarkable instance of a local cultus,

the more unaccountable, as it has its seat in the old Ghibelline strongholds. Thus, when we come to examine any particular times of the Church, we are led naturally, as well as by experience, to fix our attention upon the Saints, who are expressions and representations of those times.

It is of course in every instance impossible to fix the precise date at which a new epoch begins, and a former one comes to an end. Like a footpath over the grassy mountains, we can only discern its fainter green clearly when we are at a distance from it. Moral chronology is not so hard or sharply defined a thing; an epoch comes to an end; it weans the world from itself by degrees, gives it into the arms of its new nurse, then takes it back again for a while to hush its cries, until at last the generation gets reconciled to the lineaments and voice of the stranger, and the old times go their way, no one knows exactly when or where, for they went through no form of bidding good-bye. It will, however, be sufficiently accurate, if we say that the holy Council of Trent represents to us a new epoch of the Church, a period which may very truly be designated as our Modern Times.

Our object, you will remember, is to shew that St. Philip was the type or representative of these times; but how can we do this without at least touching upon a very vast and extremely interesting subject, the genius and characteristics of Modern Times? In contrasting, then, Modern Times with the Middle Ages, which I am about to do, it is not by way of setting one up against the other, a process which I have already designated as a mere shallow puerility; but in order to get a clear idea of Modern Times by contrast with times, which, as further off from us, are more clear and unmistakeable to our eye. He can have read but little history, or read it blindfold,

who has no discernment of the beauty and magnificence of Mediæval Times. Nothing of disparagement then is intended in the contrast, nor in the clearly expressed preference for Modern Times.

The heresies which were more or less the produce of the thirteenth and three following centuries, have naturally rendered greater fulness and distinctness of dogmatic teaching necessary on the part of the Church. Whether we look at the definitions of Trent, or those involved in the qualification of the various sets of condemned propositions by Alexander VII., Innocent XI., Alexander VIII., and Clement XI., it is plain that we are in possession of a great many more doctrinal definitions than we were; the limits of theological certainty are immensely extended. Just as verified observations have extended the domain of the physical sciences, so the number of truths which a believer cannot, without impiety, or in some cases formal heresy, reject, has added to the domain of theology. Surely every one is thrilling now with the joyous expectation of the new splendour which will accrue to the science of theology, should the Head of the Church define the doctrine of our Blessed Lady's Immaculate Conception. Now this greater body of certain dogmatic teaching must necessarily influence the whole multitude of believers. It tells upon literature; it tells upon popular devotions; it tells upon practice, witness the teaching of St. Bonaventure on contrition, which would now be something like heresy; and lastly, it tells upon ecclesiastical art. It is quite a characteristic of Modern Times as compared with the Middle Ages. Look, by way of illustration, on the different position which the teaching of St. Thomas in the Middle Ages, on Justification and the Eucharist, occupies in the Church

since the Council of Trent from what it did before : while at the same time it exemplifies the continuity and identity of the Church.

There are also other, and not less important, consequences, which follow from this greater fulness of dogmatic teaching. Whatever increases our knowledge of God, or gives us a greater certainty on any portions of divine truth, naturally gives a new impulse to the spirit of love. To know God is to love Him; He only requires to be known that He may be loved; an increase of knowledge is, a state of grace being supposed, an increase of love. The more full and certain, also, our knowledge of a doctrine becomes, the more are we pained and distressed by heresy about it; and so, in this way too, love is quickened and spurred on to multiply its affectionate acts of such poor reparation as it can offer to the offended Majesty of God, and the blasphemy of His truth: the modern devotions to, and rubrics concerning, the Blessed Sacrament are a case in point; as are also the modern devotions to our most dear Lady, springing out of, as well as re-acting upon, a tender love of Jesus, so intense that it knows not how to satisfy itself, nor in what ways to breathe out its hidden fires. Neither, in speaking of Modern Times, must we omit to notice the natural connection there is between an increased knowledge of dogma, and the spirit of reverent familiarity in devotion, which has been so prominent a feature in the later Saints. The more extended the vision of faith becomes, the more familiar a man necessarily grows with the sacred objects of which that faith so infallibly assures him. Thus, a certain awkward kind of false reverence, with its homage of unclear, cloudy words, its self-complacent renun-

ciation of definitions, and its graceless and untoward behaviour in public service, has often been, with its conceited pretence and unamiable mannerism, an adequate test and badge of heresy; as, for instance, the quaker-like stiffness of heretics in England, or the self-complacent sacred etiquettes of Jansenism abroad. They simply prove the absence of grasp and clearness in faith, and so of child-like naturalness in love. The more a man knows of the mystery of the Incarnation, and the more deep and tender his joyous self-abasing devotion to the Person of the Eternal Word, the less need has he to fence his expressions about the Sacred Heart, or to dilute the language of his enthusiasm about our Blessed Lady. It would take me long to tell in how many ways, and in what opposite directions, all this has influenced the Catholic life of the multitudes of the faithful, and how materially it has aided in giving to Modern Times the genius which is so unmistakeably theirs.

It seems a very obvious thing to say that the more equable distribution of knowledge and education among all classes is another distinctive feature of Modern Times, as contrasted with the Middle Ages. Yet it makes a vast difference in religion; for this reason, if for no other, that it enables us to reach the multitude by such different impulses. Public worship, and especially art, must necessarily feel this most intimately; and the Church has not been slow to acknowledge it, and provide for it. But the chief feature of all is the fading away of nationalism from men's minds. Nationality, in its bad sense, is the great bar of civilisation; and minds of all nations and all schools of opinion, philosophical or so called religious, are seeking after the breaking down of

all partition walls, and the fusing of mankind into one vast brotherhood of love. Increased facilities of communication, and the electrical diffusion of literary sympathies, are all helping towards that same end. Now, these philosophies can never realize this dream, as we know full well; it is in the Catholic unity of the Church alone that they are divinely fulfilled. The favourite political centralization of the day is represented in its more noble aspect in the drawing of men's heart towards Holy Rome. Railways, and electric telegraphs, and steam-ships to the tropics, are the hand-maids of the Modern Papacy. When local rites, and diocesan breviaries, as lately in the French Synods, come and burn themselves as incense to the sovereign magnificence of the Roman ritual, when the jealous crown of the proud empire restores to an exiled and helpless Pontiff the rights it had usurped—these are the breaking down of the partition walls which intersect the great family of mankind. Ultramontanism is the magnanimous element of Modern Times; it is the heavenly excellence of our day; and by the strength of God's blessing, as it has lovingly conquered to itself the Church of France, that object of the present Pope's warm and affectionate devotion, so is it more or less victorious all the world over, and everywhere, in proportion to the amount of real holiness and untiring earnestness. It is significant, that so plain is this fact becoming to the Anti-Catholic party, that one of their lecturers * in a Parisian college raises a cry of undissembled terror, and would now fain rebuild the ramparts of nationalism, which he and his friends aided in levelling to the ground, but

* See the amusing mixture of fright and fierceness in M. Quinet's Lectures on Ultramontanism.

which a very reasonable panic has now re-consecrated in his eyes.

In order to get anything like a clear view of the Modern Church, we must add to this extent of dogma and devotion to the Holy See, the wonderful increase of the Catholic Episcopate and the prodigious number of baptized souls. I suppose that in no previous age has the Episcopate been so widely spread, or so healthily and systematically animated by life from St. Peter's Chair, as it is at this day ; and, as far as we have the means of judging, the present number of baptized souls in the different continents of the world has never had anything approaching to a parallel to it before. The Visible Church of to-day is indeed a vision we may long to dwell on—its increased number of heavenly intercessors, with all their vast powers of impetrating graces for us—its varied patterns of holiness and perfection in these same saints—its multiplied religious orders—its striking liberality and benignant facility of indulgences, and other signs of the joyous character of Modern Times. But it must not be now ; we must hasten on.

I must mention one more point, and then I have done with this enumeration of the characteristics of Modern Times. I am reluctantly compelled to compress into less room than I could wish, mere suggestive heads of thought, on which I would fain have enlarged ; it is because I desire, within the compass of this Triduo, to do my best to convey to you my idea of St. Philip. We must not omit then to name the increase and greater universality of mental prayer, the more generally adopted systematic methods of self-examination, the more common practice of spiritual reading, the ways of hearing mass, the obligation of meditation made the condition in most cases of

gaining the indulgences of the Rosary, and other things which are all so many marks of what is called now-a-days the increased "subjectivity" of the Modern Mind. Any one who should try to act on the multitudes, without taking this into account, and think that he could accomplish a thorough or permanent work with the leverage of the Middle Ages, would find himself miserably out in his reckoning. He might as well try to square the circle, as convert England so. The experiment would correct itself.

Now, put all these things together, and, drily and hurriedly as I have enumerated them, see if something like a picture of Modern Times does not rise up before you; a portrait that you may know them by, as you look upon a picture, and go away, remembering what it is like.

II. At last, then, we have worked our way to St. Philip again. We took the Council of Trent as the sign, or constellation, of what we called Modern Times; and I said that St. Philip was the representative Saint of these tridentine Ages of Love, just as St. Francis had been of the romantic Ages of Faith. We may use the term "Ages of Love," for the Tridentine Times of the Church, so as not to deprive the Middle Ages of the title of "Ages of Faith," to which they have now a kind of right by prescription; else, of course, as has been said before, it is the very extension of faith's sure vision which has led to the greater extension of deep love, and so of tender familiarity, in Modern Times.

Men, to have any right to the title of men of an age, must exhibit in themselves the double action of the Church, which at once, as by a law of its inward life, goes along with the spirit of an age, and yet thwarts it too. They must have an aptness for putting themselves at the head of what is capable of and meant

for a Christian developement, and, at the same time, of turning aside whatever ought not to invade the sanctuary of the Church. And so it was in St. Philip.

He came at his appointed time. He was ordained priest when the Council of Trent was yet sitting. He started a movement in the very capital of Christendom itself, which was so singular and yet so permanent, that he received the unusual title of the Apostle of Rome. In that central city he came across people of all nations. In 1576, which was before he founded the Oratory, we read of his being consulted from all parts, from the remoter provinces of Italy, from France, from Spain. He had dealings with Poles, with Englishmen, with influential strangers from the Oriental Churches. One person, writing contemporaneously, calls him a spiritual oracle, and compares him to well-known men of other times. The avidity with which his relics were sought for in distant lands, when he died, proves his European reputation. And yet he wrote no books, started no system, headed no popular movement in any outward way. Strangers asked his disciples, nay, made interest through the Pope, to get an interview with this supernatural teacher, just as those who came up to the feast sought, through the Apostles, for an introduction to our Blessed Lord. In a word, an influence escaped through the windows of Philip's room, and all Christendom was affected by it. It is the way schools rise and opinions spread, moral atmospheres are formed, and an age becomes impregnated with a new genius. Just as the chivalry, the poetry, the romance, the faith of the Middle Ages was gathered up and personified in St. Francis, so was the spirit of Modern Times in St. Philip. When men went to see him as a Saint, they were scandalized at first by

his practical common-placeness. He looked like other men. He followed the lead in conversation, or when he took it, it was unassumingly. He was emphatically a modern gentleman, of scrupulous courtesy, sportive gaiety, acquainted with what was going on in the world, taking a real interest in it, giving and getting information, very neatly dressed, with a shrewd common sense always alive about him, in a modern room with modern furniture, plain, it is true, but with no marks of poverty about it; in a word, with all the ease, the gracefulness, the polish, of a modern gentleman of good birth, considerable accomplishments, and a very various information. Yet all Rome was at his feet, from the Pope on his throne to the beggar on the steps of the Basilica. Not a work was done there, but he was in it: not a religious order, but it owed him continual reinforcements of novices; not a new institute, but, as with St. Ignatius, he was a busy helper. "His eye," says his biographer, was early "cast on the northern parts of Europe." The Annals of Baronius were his work—the fruit of the keen feelings which the calumnies of the Magdeburg Centuriators had left upon his mind. Then the way in which, no one knew how, he bound his followers to him—the like of it had never been seen since the days of our Blessed Lord or of St. Francis. There was a spell about him. Men could not unriddle the enigma of his influence. It was a way, a spirit, a breath, a contagion, a vapour, an electricity, a something in the air; no one knew what it was. He came to Rome at one of the most solemn crises of the Church; the capital was full of Saints, and full of corruption too. He was the quietest man at his hard work that ever was seen; yet he magnetized the whole city; and when he died he left it quite a different city from what it was, nay, with

the impress of his spirit and genius so deep upon it, that it was called his city, and he the apostle of it, second only to St. Peter. It was no man clothed in camel's hair, with the attractive paraphernalia of supernatural austerities upon him, no St. Francis, with his Chapter of Mats all round the Porziuncula, that the city and its foreign visitants went so anxiously to see; it was simply an agreeable gentleman, in a comfortable little room, apparently doing and saying just what any one else might do or say as well. He had come at his right time; he suited his age; men were attracted; he fulfilled his mission; he put himself at the head of the governing city of Christendom, and, through it, of spiritual Christendom itself; and posterity tells what his work was, for it calls him *Apostolo di Roma*.

Now look at another thing about him, which I think very remarkable. He was a great student of history, and made much of it, as we see in the exercises of the Oratory; and he was well read in the Lives of the Saints. The whole history of the Composition of Baronius' *Annals*, and the way in which the Saint urged him forward, evince quite a special drawing towards the study of history, as a means of influence, on the part of the Saint. And from that time the studious genius of his Institute has mainly gone that way, rather than to dogma, or to polemics. Yet, strange to say, there seems to have been in his mind almost (I say almost, for there were two trifling exceptions) an entire preterition of the Middle Ages and all their undoubted Christian glories. They were not to his taste. His mind was of another build altogether. He went up to the early ages; his sympathies were all with the first Christians, with quite Apostolic times; his pattern that he was ever gazing on

was primitive Christianity. His intense devotion to it came out in everything ; he did not wish to make a mere revival of a past age ; but he saw patterns in Apostolic times which he saw in no other times. Hence the style of preaching he wished to have in the Oratory, hence the absence of vows in his Congregation, hence the peculiar simple sweetness of the form of community life which he enjoined, hence the character of his spiritual exercises, hence his devotion for the relics of the early martyrs. Nay, so obvious was this, that it was what struck every one about him and his work. Baronius, when he describes St. Philip's exercises in his history, says, " Things being disposed in this manner, and approved by the Pope's authority, it seemed as if the old and beautiful Apostolical method of Christian congregations was renewed." Giovanni Derosi, in a book which he wrote at the time, speaks of St. Philip and his Oratory as the chief attraction to foreigners in Rome, in 1568 : and in 1576, Giovenale Ancina, writing to his brother from Rome, where he was on a visit, mentions St. Philip as the great sight and wonder at Rome, speaks of the Lives of St. Francis and his companions as at that time occupying the attention of the Oratory, and praises Philip especially " for his astonishing prudence and dexterity in inventing and promoting spiritual exercises." It was the primitive simplicity which struck both these writers. You see, then, that Philip's long years in the catacombs had done their work. The vision of the early Church had been with him there, and it was from Apostolic sources that he borrowed the powers wherewith he moulded the spirit of his age. His tastes were all there ; his hankerings were not after the gorgeous cathedrals of the baron-bishop, but with the papal chapels and hiding-places of the church

of the catacombs. Hence he was modern all at once; for the more immediate past which was yet visibly lingering on the earth, had never been anything to him, either for wonder, or for joy, or for a pattern; and therefore he needed no weaning from it.

Now, I really think it is impossible to exaggerate the significance of this fact. It is God's *way*, if I may reverently use such a word, to meet the evils which rise up in the world, the enemy's tares nightly sown, not only by powers in His Church, which gallantly beat them down, but also by what Locke, in the phraseology of his school, calls *satisfactions*—in other words, lawful channels, in which the newly awakened tastes and energies, thus running with frantic determination upon evil, may have vent and full career. Every Catholic is familiar with this, in the lives of the Saints whom God gave to His Church at the time of the apostasy of the sixteenth century: St. Ignatius in the science of interior discipline and of education, St. Theresa in the hidden wisdom of prayer, and the chastened common-sense of "religious experiences," and St. Philip in the satisfaction of the appetite for preaching, for vernacular devotions, for hymn-singing, and for an interior system of religion of the highest kind, thoroughly unmonastic, even to the very life of his black-habited and monk-like children,—a system suited for the palace, the gay metropolis, the rural villa, the wrangling college, the hunting-box, the long vacation, the voyage of scientific discovery, the absorbing counting-house, the idolized studio, the mess-room or the officers' cabin, of modern, brilliant, much-knowing, many-interested, world-engrossed society. Now think of the idea wherewith the Reformation started, and the direction which it struck out into; think of the continuous unchanging idea of Puritanism,

think of the tendency to revere primitive antiquity, which is part of the English mind and of the English religion: it was a devotion to apostolic times, a falling in love in the grotesquest possible ways with the primitive ages, producing heresies almost as numerous as individualities in the land, from the earnest and amiable gentility of Oxford men, to the foolishness of Irvingism and the Agapemone: and can you not see a great significance, the token of a greater mercy, in God thus guiding in those hoary vaults and unsunny catacombs the spirit of a Saint, of whom with mindful reverence it might be said that his name was love, past peer and paladin, past tower and abbey, past tournament and pilgrimage, and all crusading romance, past every gorgeous trophy of a faith just fresh from its conquest over a new barbaric world, to the days of dread simplicity and awful suffering, which succeeded the inspired generation, when the hope of martyrdom was the joy of life, and the expectation of martyrdom the very air men breathed? So took he the type of the simplest age, and went out to do battle with the most complex era that either world or Church had ever seen.

The Middle Ages were beautiful times, and their art, too, was uncommonly, touchingly beautiful. His must be an unkindly genius, which has not glowed at times over the records of those days, or at the vision of that beauty. I suppose we may say it was the beauty of fear, the grace of reverence, the philosophy of awe, with much affecting sweetness of humility which it expressed. But Philip's spirit was, I had almost said exclusively, a spirit of love, a spirit of openness, and of a pure inward life. He would have admired a dark cathedral; no one more so: he could have lectured you on its significance and beauty; but I think, in the long run, it would have made him un-

happy. If it had been his own, he would have made some very peculiar alterations; I should not wonder if he would have pulled it down, and built himself another, more to his heart's content. His very way of doing his work shewed the impulse of this spirit of light-hearted freedom and reverently presuming love. His first great engine was the frequentation of the Sacraments; he simply started a new era in the Church in this respect. Then that buoyant, child-like joyousness which he put into religion was his own, and, as far as we can see, a novelty of his. His Christ-like love of youth, as the subjects of his influence, and the hope of the future, was part of the same spirit. So also was his familiar way of talking about sacred things, which came natural to him, both as a relief for his intense feeling about them, and as a cloak of his easily inflamed tenderness, as well as the truthful expression of a faith which was to him more clear and definite than sight. It had no parallel, except in the conversations of St. Francis, and the old Franciscan songs of the Blessed Jacopone of Todi.

Consider him again in his bearing towards the world. If you read St. Bernard, you will see that he seems to consider even salvation difficult, but perfection a dream, out of the cloister. This is the common language of the spiritual writers of the Middle Ages: the cloister means perfection; the world is not to be leavened, or attempted to be leavened; it is to be given up as an impracticable hopeless business. If you love God, you must take to yourself the wings of a vocation, and fly away into the wilderness or the monastery. The Church and the world were almost sphered visibly apart in those times. Look how different St. Philip is! Perfection for all classes, in all states of life, under every possible variety of circum-

stances—this was the great lesson he was commissioned to teach. Stay at home, keep as you are, mind your spinning, marry and settle,—these were household phrases with him; for all he loved the religious orders so much. Look at the heights of perfection to which he led people, and yet how mild, it might be called lax, was the moral and ascetical theology he taught! All has the indelible impress of the modern genius upon it. There was a boldness about him in it which bespoke a man conscious of a mission. Look at his free manners! He used to make his meditation sitting on a bench, and rocking to and fro, or lying on his bed; he used to hear confessions in bed; he set boys to play at fives in the court-yard when they were waiting to go to confession; and all this was in sober earnest, and meant something. Is this like a picture of a Mediæval Saint?

Once more: I must call your attention to another remarkable fact, and that is Philip's keen appreciation of the growing subjectivity of the Modern Mind. Look at him in his capacity of spiritual director. What a very little part do outward observances play in his school of perfection! What cautions about excess of vocal prayer! What a studious inculcation of mental prayer, and of habitual ejaculatory prayer! How strikingly subordinate in him is the position of exterior mortifications to what it used to be in older times, and with what dexterity and skill does he train people by interior mortifications! What a new gift he seems to have of leading people to the very summits of perfection, without any visible change in the daily fashionable life of Roman ladies and gentlemen! Nay, he makes his penitents keep to their fine clothes, when they would fain go about the streets in serge! To what an extent does he carry his

principle of concealing all marks of seriousness, and covering them with a varnish of common-place and worldly-looking levity! The austerities which he enforces or recommends are just those most suitable to Modern Times, the absence of comforts and teasing persevering plainness. Perseverance is his watchword: with him continuance, in a little, no matter how little, is the beginning, middle and end of sanctity. He started a new element in spiritual direction, the heroism of common sense. True there is no romance here; but there is a most wise reality. It has been well said of St. Ignatius, who was himself a striking personification of modern common sense, that he always looked out, not for what was fine, but for what would wear; it is equally true of St. Philip. Nay, there was less romance about St. Philip than there was about the chivalrous Ignatius. How is it then that he so drew people to him, and that the characteristic of his children all over the globe is an intense living fire of enthusiastic personal love for him, which tears, not words, alone express? I can but answer: his mysterious similitude to Him whom Peter and James and John and Andrew clung to with a loyalty surpassing human love.

I cannot of course repeat what I have said of the characteristics of Modern Times; but I beg of you to recall it to your minds, and to fit to it what I have here said of my dear Father, and see if I had not a right to say that he was the representative Saint of Modern Times, and if that is not the true idea of him, and of his place in the world's history. O what a step it would be on the road towards a more perfect Catholic life, what a vigorous heart it would give you in hard work for the souls of the unshepherded multitudes around you, if you could come to see clearly, and to love heartily, the Modern Times in

which we live. The living Church ! In that one name is all theology, and all exercises, the most heroic, of faith, and hope and charity. Our times have their own beauty, and their own magnificence, enough to thrill through the coldest heart among us ; and to us they bring, what no past ages at their best can do, that which is the most beautiful and magnificent and real of things on God's earth, living duty. We can believe in God in the past, but it is a faith which can have no direct works ; we can energetically love God and Jesus Christ in the present times alone. See to it ! This love of the living Church, it alone is genuine Catholicism, such as will work and wear ; leave the restless and uneasy spirit of heresy to stifle its uncomfortable yearnings by its old game of playing at antiquarianisms. Modern Times are best, if not absolutely, because perhaps no times are absolutely best, at least best for you and me ; and Philip is their godfather and their Saint.

III. I should, however, be leaving the picture very incomplete, if I concluded this Lecture without bringing St. Francis and St. Philip together again. You see I have so far been contrasting them all along, and doing all I can to make a distinction between them ; yet in my first Lecture I put them together, as no other two Saints in the Church can be coupled. To bring out my picture of St. Philip, I must not then leave unanswered this question. How do these Saints come to be like ? It is not in anything which St. Francis had from his romantic times, but it was in that which they both had independent of their times, their mutual similitude to Jesus. There is a remarkable affinity between the Oratory and the Franciscan Order, though in externals they are so very opposite. The kind of character, the peculiar fashion of holiness, which the two Institutes produce in favourable

subjects, is very similar. St. Philip himself had a great devotion to St. Francis, and quite a passion for the Capuchins. Their prayers were his staff. Their St. Felix was his brother. I have read somewhere, if I remember rightly, in the Chronicles of the Oratory, that there is an Oratory in Italy whose Fathers and Brothers go out of town once a year to a woody mountain to spend a holy-day with the Capuchins. It is said of the Ven. Fabrizio dall' Aste, that he was wont to recreate his spirit by reading the Chronicles of the Friars Minor. There are certainly Franciscan elements in the Oratory, and St. Philip's study of the poetry of the Blessed Jacopone was clearly not without its influence on the vernacular hymns of his spiritual exercises. I shall not be happy then, if I do not bring these two Saints together again, before I conclude to-night. It is necessary for my purpose.

Inasmuch as St. Francis expressed and embodied the genius of the Middle Ages, and St. Philip the genius of Modern Times, the points of contrast between them must have been numerous and striking; and several of them have been touched upon in this lecture. But inasmuch, also, as St. Francis and St. Philip were both copies of Jesus, in a higher, or at least a more special sense than that in which other Saints are, and given as such by God to the Church, for particular purposes, we may naturally expect to find the points of resemblance between them as numerous and striking as those of contrast. Let us run briefly over the lives and works of the two holy Patriarchs. The young St. Francis, in the chivalry of his first love of Holy Poverty, the enthusiasm of which never abated, stood before the Bishop of Assisi, and not content with the solemn renunciation of his paternal inheritance, he stripped himself of the very clothes that he wore, and, so far as lay in

his power, cut the filial tie which bound him to his father ; for there was that in him which not only sought God alone, but which made him feel all created things and earthly relationships, whatever subordinate sacredness they might possess, as so many barriers between himself and the inward possession of God in his soul. So St. Philip, less interfered with in his religious peculiarities and retirement by his uncle, than St. Francis had been by his father, with the same love of Christ-like poverty burning in his heart, his whole being consumed by the same insatiable longing for God alone, turns suddenly round upon his kind and hospitable relative, and renounces the patrimony which had been so affectionately destined for him. He breaks away from the harbour and tranquillity of home, and casts himself on the world to hunt after God, knowing not his destiny, only that his heart told him that in Rome he should find God, and learn the interpretation of his dreams. It was no boyish freak, for his biographer expressly tells us, it was done after "mature deliberation." Yet he held no communication with his natural advisers at home ; as the writer very markedly says, "he departed for Rome without even letting his father know ; though in all other matters he had never so much as deliberated about anything without his knowledge." He asked for no allowance ; he desired no help ; all he wanted was to be free from help. He sought for no introductions at Rome ; he looked upon them as so many hindrances to him ; he wanted to be alone, to be unknown, to be unhampered by kindness and by sympathy. He was to meet God in Rome—that was what the intolerable impulses of Divine Love were driving him to. St. Francis roams the hills of Umbria, or the green level plains beneath Assisi, like a bewildered lover, crying out with love of his sweet spouse,

Holy Poverty, as he called her. He breathed her name upon the air ; he bade the mountain echoes repeat it ; he told it to the silent depths of the wood. The restlessness of love was on him. His romance was real. The Spouse in the Canticles alone could give him words. Now turn from those dark hills of Umbria to the modern corridors of Chiesa Nuova. Look at that old man, with his cassock open, his short white beard, his rosary around his wrist, leaning for very age upon his staff. Can the fires of a youthful love burn any longer in him ? Listen ! he is humming a tune ; then he sings, and his song is but two words, " Humility, Detachment ! " And then his face is red and pale by turns, and out of his miraculous heart breaks forth in painfully inflamed sighs the undiminished passion of his boyhood for that interior poverty, that detachment, that modern form of St. Francis's romance, which he had chosen for his spouse !

St. Francis had his noviciate, his sojourn in the wilderness before the opening of his public ministry. It was on the hills and amid the wood-encircled caverns of his own preternatural Umbria, a land of wonder, of miracle, and mysterious influences, a sort of European Thebaid. There he communed with nature ; there solitude taught him lessons ; there, above all, God revealed Himself to His chosen servant ; and the fire of Divine Love burned in him with more consuming vehemence than ever. St. Philip too had his noviciate. The Spirit came upon him, sometimes by day, more often by night, and drove him even from the churches, beyond the walls, and plunged him into the dumb caves and earthy damps of the old catacombs. There God was his teacher. It was an awful school for a youthful heart to be sent to ; it was rather on the confines of another world than within the

cheerful domain of this world's sunshine. Nay, God did more than teach him. The Holy Ghost came into him miraculously, with such a Pentecostal vehemence that henceforth Philip's life was to be itself a miracle, and his heart a worshipful wonder in the Church to the end of time. Who could have divined that from out the tingling darkness and the warm chilliness of those vaults, where the persecuted Faith had first burrowed for itself a home, should come the lightest heart, the gayest spirit, the most Paul-like teacher, the freest Saint, the pattern ecclesiastic, of the world's new civilization?

St. Francis, his biographer tells us, spent most of his life and did most of his work in towns, in spite of his love of the country and his intimate communion with the external creation. We should not have expected this. Just as little should we have discerned, in the boy who escaped from the domestic circle of San Germano to the yawning fissures and solitary grotts of the Monte della Santissima Trinità, and, discontented even with the religious silence of the vacant basilicas, dived for the best part of ten years into the gloom of the catacombs, the active practical Saint, who was to be especially the Apostle of the large towns of Modern Times.

St. Francis heard a voice which, he thought, told him he was to repair with all becoming magnificence the waste church of San Damiano, the future home of St. Clare and the cradle of her Order. It seemed the wildest of Quixotic schemes. But swiftly the well-born youth, nursed in the lap of all effeminate luxuries, was seen in the squalid livery of his spouse, Holy Poverty, commanding rather than asking alms through the streets of Assisi, for the desolate sanctuary of San Damiano. He is jeered, hissed, pelted, beaten; but the money

comes. He carries stones in his lap and hods of lime on his shoulders, and, in spite of all gainsaying, San Damiano rises in spacious beauty and ornate completeness like an exhalation from the ground. St. Philip chooses for himself a poor contracted church, "small and ruinous" are the words by which his biographer describes it, hard by one of the homes of the poor Clares at Rome, which itself at last becomes incorporated with his own edifice. One morning, as if in whim, he orders the whole church to be thrown down. Another morning, he has taken up his chalice in the sacristy at San Girolamo, and is going into the church to say mass. Suddenly he turns to some one, and bids him go the Vallicella, and say to Matteo of Castello, the architect, who is standing among the rubbish-heaps of the old church, that he is not to mark out the limits of the new one till Philip has said mass and come to the ground himself. When the Saint arrives, the architect draws the line as far as he thinks the church ought to go. "Draw it further still," cries the Saint. The architect obeys, and stops again. "Further still," repeats the Saint. A third time the architect draws the line, and stops. "Still further," says the Saint. The architect draws the line; he says not a word; he wonders at the imprudent magnificence of Philip's dream; but he draws the line, and this time does not dare to stop. He is passing over a certain spot; there is nothing to mark it, but Philip sees a heavenly light upon it. "Stop there, and dig," says the holy Father. They did so, and came upon an old foundation, out of whose abundant materials a great portion of the new fabric was raised. Philip had no money, and, strange to say, he would not ask for any; and he mortified severely those of his children who strove by ways of human prudence

to raise a building fund. Men threw stones and shot with cross-bows at the workmen. Everything seemed against him. But the money came, and the persecution ceased; huge sums were lavished upon the new church; he was an old man, and so he "made a bargain," it was his own phrase, with the Madonna, that he should not die till the church was covered in. To this day it goes in Rome by the very descriptive name of The New Church.

His sojourn in the desert over, the next task of St. Francis is the call of his Apostles, whom in the characteristic spirit of his age he styled the Cavaliers of his Round Table, as though he were another king Arthur by the grassy shores of the Eden and the Eamont. He goes to stay in the house of his worldly friend Bernardo da Quintavalle. He sleeps in the same room with him. His host pretends to be asleep, that by the light of the lamp he may see what Francis does. The Saint, thinking himself unobserved, gets up and begins his prayer; it lasts till dawn, with many strange palpitations of his heart and liftings up of his body. His prayer is only, "Deus meus et Omnia—My God and my All," repeated the whole night through. It is Bernardo's call; he gets up, sells all, gives it to the poor, and follows St. Francis. Pietro of Cataneo goes to the church; a missal is opened at random; the chance lights on the words, "Let him renounce himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." It is Pietro's vocation; he sells all for the poor, and follows Francis. Egidio of Assisi is interiorly called to follow St. Francis; but he knows not where he is, he knows not of his little cabin in the plain of Rivo Torto. He goes to hear mass at St. George's, and, leaving the city, he comes to a spot where three roads branch off:

"Lord, if this is my vocation," he prays, "lead me by the right way." He meets St. Francis, who says to him, "Brother! take off thy cloak, and give it to that poor woman in the road!" Without a word Egidio does so: he has given up all; that cloak was to him the unmended nets of the Apostles; he has followed St. Francis. Such was the style of the vocations of the first Franciscans. St. Philip too had his Apostles to call. Tarugi comes to confession to him to gain the indulgence of Paul IVth's Jubilee. He was a man of uncommon genius, and of high connections, a relative of two Popes. St. Philip hears his confession, then leads him to his room, and makes him spend an hour of prayer with him. Tarugi tries to find a vocation to the Capuchins; he returns to St. Philip, who dissipates all his objections by his one favourite phrase, "Do not be afraid"—and Tarugi is so utterly his, that at the age of eighty-three, and a cardinal of the Church, he still called himself "Philip's novice." So he left all, and it was much that he left, and followed St. Philip. On the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Saint went with some of his penitents to the basilica of the Apostle outside the walls. They kneel down to pray; suddenly Costanzo Tassone gets up, and, seizing Baronius by the hand, tells him it is God's will he should follow St. Philip. Baronius had wished to be a religious, but at the word he obeys, and becomes a disciple of the Saint. Tommaso Bozio of Gubbio comes to Rome to study; he gets to know St. Philip; he is called; he sells his library for the poor, cuts himself off from his angry father, and makes himself a son of Philip. Antonio Gallonio is walking through the streets of Rome; suddenly he comes upon a priest with a crowd of young men at his heels. Antonio, himself a youth, stops, and

stands on one side to look at this strange man and his retinue; St. Philip smiles upon him, calls him to his side, and Antonio is numbered among his Apostles. Pietro Consolini of Monte Leone assisted at the exercises of the Oratory at San Giovanni dei Fiorentini. He afterwards got an introduction to St. Philip; no sooner had the holy Father set eyes upon him than he said, with a smile of affectionate welcome, "Now then, my son, you must become one of us." Pietro hesitated. Philip "suddenly," I am quoting the words of Consolini's Life, "and without giving Pietro any notice of his intention, had him proposed and accepted by the Fathers as a member of the Congregation of the Oratory." Astonishment was Pietro's first feeling; a strange joy his second. He consented, and asked leave to go home and bid his relatives good-bye. But, no! he too was to let the dead bury their dead; and so he stayed by St. Philip's side. Giuliano Macca-luffi of Forlì had got leave from his confessor to join the Capuchins, and their provincial had already accepted him. He made bold to go to St. Philip to get his blessing. The Saint fixed his eyes upon him, and said, "Take off your fariola, and serve God in the Congregation." The young man's heart was instantaneously changed, and he became an Oratorian lay-brother. There was a young noble, named Flaminio Ricci; he was in the household of a Cardinal at Rome. Twice, while he was at prayer, he thought he heard a voice say to him, "Veni, sequere Me—Come, follow thou Me." One day he was taking his usual ride through the streets of Rome, when he met Philip, whom he did not even know by sight. "The man of God," writes the author of Flaminio's Life, "fixed his eyes upon Flaminio, and, with a voice of inspiration, said to him, 'Come, follow thou Me.' At the

sound of these thrilling words the youth was completely won, and without a moment's hesitation he offered himself to follow the Saint."—Do we not tremble when we think of Whom and of what call this was so startling an imitation? Such was the style of the vocations of the first Oratorians.

St. Francis was a poet; so was St. Philip. The way in which animals knew, and loved and obeyed St. Francis was renewed in St. Philip. Dogs detached themselves from their masters and followed him. Little birds fluttered round his face, and sang in his ear, and went and came at his bidding. St. Francis, soon after his return from Damietta, set about mortifying himself and his disciples, by dressing himself up "in a tunic of the finest texture, with a hood behind fashionably reaching to his middle, and a broad and rich frill in front, his head tossed up towards the sky, his voice loud and imperious, and his gait like that of a dancing-master." And all because Brother Elias had been more particular about the niceness of his habit, than became a poor Franciscan. To quote only one of a score of ready parallels, we read that St. Philip wore the fur pelisse which Cardinal Alfonso Gesualdo had given him, for a whole month, and this from the mere love of mortifying himself: and "in order," says his biographer, "that every one might see that he wore a fur pelisse, he used to walk in it with a grave and stately pace, and looked round upon himself with an air of admiration, as if he had been a peacock; and all this, like another Simone Salo, for the mere purpose of being made game of by all who saw him."

St. Francis enjoined a peculiar style of preaching on his disciples, and made much of it: so did St. Philip, and his style had all the Franciscan peculiarity. The Fran-

ciscan movement has often, and for obvious reasons, been called the Methodist movement of the Middle Ages; its reality, energy, straightforwardness, simplicity, popular manners, and, above all, determined earnestness of heart-religion make good the parallel, for we can well afford to give heresy its due. St. Philip's Oratory, with its crowded prayer-meetings, its vernacular hymns, its freedom of popular devotions, its hot and fluent but ineloquent preaching, its fervour drawn from personal influence rather than gorgeous ritual, the perpetual missionary freshness of its exciting variety of spiritual exercises, has already suggested to men, what may most good-naturedly be adopted by ourselves, the likeness of infectious Methodism, (though Methodism is only the representative of a fact, the Oratory of a principle); and this even though Oratorians be not, like the Franciscans, confined by rule to wooden candlesticks and the bare whitewash of unadorned churches. The distinctive quietness and simplicity of the Institutes of St. Francis or St. Philip are something Catholic, marking off Catholics as such, from the impetuous sons of heresy or schism. In this respect there can of course be no parallel between the spirit of St. Philip and that of Wesley or Whitfield. Art is said to have risen round the Porziuncula of St. Francis, and made itself a special school: so Philip's room was the haunt of painters and musicians of Rome. Music was the soul of the Oratory, and Palestrina was Philip's penitent, and died in his embrace. He too had his views of art, and he furthered them, in his quiet way. St. Francis is a Confessor in the Church, so is St. Philip; and yet both had done their best for the crown of martyrdom. St. Francis flew on the wings of exulting hope, to the battlefields of the Saracens, to shed his blood for Christ;

nay, he broke daringly into the camp of the Soldan in search of his hardy crown. But the will of God drove him back on the Europe that had so much need of him. So Philip longed for the Indies, that he might shed his blood beneath the tomahawk of a savage, or on a Japanese cross. He caused some of his penitents to be ordained priests, and all was ready for starting. It needed the appearance and voice from Heaven of him, who alone of the Apostles was but a martyr in desire, and of whom his dear Master had said, "What if I will have him to remain till I come," to certify to St. Philip that his Indies were within the circuit of the walls of Rome.

I have still one more point; but it is rather a point of contrast than of resemblance, only that it is a contrast of such sort that it does really heighten the similitude. We have seen that it was no trifling part of St. Philip's mission to preach perfection to all classes of society, and in all its varying circumstances. It is his most distinctive work, just as it was the great feature in our Blessed Lord's teaching. Now, from what we have said of the Middle Ages, and from the very nature of the case, it would seem as if this function of St. Philip could find no parallel whatever in the mission of St. Francis. But this is in reality far from being the truth; the substance of the work presents the closest of all the parallels between the two Saints; the manner of doing it the most distinct of the contrasts. St. Philip carried his hidden wisdom into all classes, cemented his vast and various confraternity of Christian perfection, formed a world-wide school of it, with no poetic badge or romantic singularity. It was a sort of holy freemasonry. This was in accordance with the modern spirit and modern ways of thinking. In 1221, his order founded, St. Francis saw that a far wider work of evange-

lization lay before them. It took the shape of the genius of his times. All the world was to be one universal Franciscan order. The chivalrous young noble, the poor artisan, the wandering troubadour, the seneschal at the castle, the serf in the field, the woodman in the forest, the fisherman on the sea, the sacristan of the parish church, the high-born maid, the pilgrim of the Holy Land, the soldier in the ranks, the greyhaired parents of all estates, the child at the cathedral school, the swineherd in the oak-woods, the aldermen of the towns, the professors in their chairs, the emperors and kings upon their thrones, and the cardinals whom Innocent III., the patron of St. Francis, had just clothed in the bright hues of martyrdom—all were to be Franciscans, and to follow Franciscan perfection in the world. The Code of the Order of Penance was published; and the will of Francis was done. The whole of mediæval society resolved itself into an uncloistered and unvowed company of Franciscans. A Protestant writer says of this Third Order*, “Rapid as may have been the corruption and decline of that estate, it would be mere prejudice or ignorance to deny that it sustained an important office in the general advancement of civilization and of truth. In the times of Francis himself and of his immediate successors, the Franciscan cord, the emblem of the restraint in which the soul of man is to hold the beast to which it is wedded, was to be seen on countless multitudes; in the market-place, in the universities, in the tribunals, and even on the throne.” You see St. Francis did what was St. Philip’s distinctive work; only he did it in the mediæval way. In both it was the spirit of love in

* Stephen’s Essays, i. 129.

its purest and most vehement workings. The society of St. Francis was called the Seraphic Order; and with St. Philip, love was his distinguishing grace, his weapon with sin, his influence with the world; and in lieu of a body of written statutes, it was the acknowledged tradition of the Congregation which he founded, and its sole permanence and life.

An observation of some importance rises out of what has just been said. Influence is exercised in the world in different ways. Sometimes men gather their intentions and their power together, and incorporate them in a visible system; and then, by the grace of God, and the persistency of their own clear and definite wills, they animate the system, and make it tell, as a momentum from without, upon the world, with its will or against its will. This is mostly, though not always, the case with the founders of religious orders; as with St. Ignatius, and his wonderful Society, and so also with the great Benedictine scheme of monastic legislation. Then again there are men who do not gather their specialty up in any such cognizable way, men whose work is more general, whose spirit is more universal, and by its very penetrativeness blends with other influences, and is lost to sight, readily foregoing its claims to the praise or gratitude of men. Their work is more hidden, because their spirit is in all works. They do not get the credit of it, neither do they desire it, but so it is. Thus St. Dominick's was a definite influence in the Middle Ages. It acted on the world, and most blessedly, from without, from a visible focus of power and heat. It had its own ascertainable shape and features, and men knew it when they saw it. It was essentially local, however numerous its localities might be, and his Third Order,

unlike that of St. Francis, partook of the same character of locality. St. Francis, by means of his Third Order, exercised a more extensive as well as a different kind of influence. St. Dominick, when the two Saints met at Rome, would fain have had the two orders amalgamated; but St. Francis had the clearer vision then, and stedfastly declined. In like manner St. Ignatius asked St. Philip to coalesce with him; but the holy Father would not. His influence was to be of a different kind. He sent Ignatius his first Italian novices; he was a portion, and no mean portion, of the life of all the religious orders in Rome. His specialty was not tied up in a system. What he bequeathed to his own Congregation, which was itself but one of many things which emanated from him, was not so much a Rule, as a Spirit; so that when an Oratory loses its freshness, it must die out, as if by the common law of evaporation. Neither can it be a stereotyped impression of any past state of things; for, as a spirit, though distinctive, it takes its modification from the circumstances in which it finds itself. It is a soul without a body; circumstances are its body. This is its characteristic. Its power of work is in this.

No one can say, in St. Philip's case, any more than St. Francis's, what his influence has been upon the Church, nor how far, nor in how many directions it has gone. In our reading it comes upon us unexpectedly over and over again. Ceylon belongs to him. Mexico is covered with his houses. South America has had no little of its religious life from his children. Portugal and its colonies have felt him. His name has been a talisman in the religious society of Spain, and the fervour of his children undecaying there. The cities of Italy and Sicily are still full of him. Poland was marked by singular devotion

to him. If it be not the fault of his worthless children, England will begin to know him. This is his direct influence. Take one specimen of his indirect influence. There is not a confessional in the length and breadth of God's Church, which is not more or less beneath the control of the kindly, forbearing and equitable theology of St. Alphonso. Yet no one can fail to see how completely that dear Saint was a pupil of the Oratory. He went to confession to Oratorians; he hung about the house of the Oratory, like one in love with it and charmed to it; he was a member of the *Oratorium Parvum*; he made a vow to become an Oratorian. It was not God's will. Indeed his vocation was plainly not Oratorian. Yet is it no dishonour to that blessed Saint to say, that he was part and parcel of St. Philip's influence.

I do not know, my Brethren, how you may feel about it; but to my mind there is an especial charm, a peculiar beauty in the Modern Times, which no other age of the Church can shew. The States, which for their good were tied to the Church, have drifted away from her, and meddle no longer with the singularity of her ecclesiastical majesty. The spiritual empire of Rome is a more visible thing in the world than before, and such is its intrinsic beauty, that the more visible it is, the more captivating does it become. The power of the Church to punish heresy and restrain opinion by any other than spiritual pains has passed away; and she is free and disencumbered to enter into the arena of human opinions, and there make intellectual proof of the power of faith divine. No royal courtesies, no baronial patronages, wrap her round, or hide her from men's eyes with the graceless folds of their motley splendour. O look well upon her! the athlete of God in these turbulent and

changeable days! Whose heart is not stirred, whose pulses are not quickened at the sight? And it is upon the eve of these her pure and unmistakeably spiritual virtues that the loving choice of God has elected our lot. The present, not the past, has the unutterable dearness to us of being God's appointment for us. He who knew us by His foresight, and loved us in His knowledge of us, has chosen for us. O worshippers of the past! think well of this, learn reverence from the thought, and recognise and love the choice which God has chosen for you. You are where you are—you have been born when you were born—because God saw it was, *for you*, the season wherein to save your souls, wherein to save your fellowmen, wherein to love and glorify Himself.

I must thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me all this while. I have now finished this portion of my task. I repeat—The true Idea of St. Philip is, that he was an especial likeness of Jesus granted to the Church, as a representative of the Modern Times; and that his match and brother in the Church was St. Francis. I hope that nothing I have said has been in any way displeasing to my holy Father St. Philip, nor to the great patriarch of Assisi, to whom I have owed so much, and whom I have loved so very tenderly for more years even than I have been a sheep of the one True Fold.

LECTURE THIRD.

ST. PHILIP IN ENGLAND.

THEY who have looked long and often on the pictures of St. Philip, and with a loving scrutiny that would fain find out the interpretation of that heavenly face, because he was their master and their father, to whom they had given, with the most unconditional surrender, the leading-strings of their life, have not failed to mark the pale freshness of his skin, from which the olive hue of an Italian complexion is entirely absent, and to wonder whether there might not be the northern blood of a German race mingling with the Italian in his veins. His small blue eyes, whose flashing changefulness forbade any painter to attempt their lustre or expression; and the fact that he was a native of Tuscany, where families of German extraction dwelt, and German intermarriages abounded; may have fostered the natural desire of a dweller on this side of the Alps to believe that Philip had in him the spirit of the northern nations, as well as that of the more highly favoured peninsula of the south. What is, however, more certain, is, that in the midst of his apostolic career at Rome, his eye, as his biographer tells us, was cast on "the northern parts of Europe" with an intense and painful sympathy, because of the desolating ravages of heresy in those far-off lands. From that sympathy came his command to Baronius to compose his famous Ecclesiastical Annals. It led him

also to take the warmest interest in the conversion of such transalpine heretics as might find their way to Rome. It may be about three hundred years since this anxiety in behalf of the "northern parts of Europe" was so keen in the capacious heart of St. Philip. Since then he has multiplied himself in his children, and wrought effectually by their hands for those distant countries. Hainault and Flanders saw him busy among their people. Brabant boasted its Oratory at Montaigu. Bavaria possessed him at Munich and at Auffhausen, and Austria in the crowded streets of Vienna; while five flourishing Oratories attested his benignant influence in Poland. Nearly all this was in the latter half of the seventeenth, and the first half of the eighteenth centuries: and now the middle of the nineteenth finds him trying, after his own fashion, to work his way into wealthy, powerful, proud, protestant, national England. How it will fare with him, who can say? But we are not concerned with prophecy just now.

In the two last Lectures, I have tried to give you what I believe to be a faithful idea of St. Philip, of his place, and work and influence in the Church of God; it only remains that I should try to shew whether in that idea of him we can discern any capabilities for English work, any peculiar reason for hoping that by the blessing of God he would suit England, and be a benediction to her shores, not in the way of startling conversions, of the evangelization of multitudes, of the impetuous success of controversies—those are not his departments,—but in his own special unobtrusive and hidden manner, which is so utterly his own that we can only style it "Philip's way." This is an interesting consideration, my Brethren, both for you and me, and it shall form the subject of this concluding Lecture.

It is easy to be narrow-minded and foolish about the love of one's own country ; but the English mind is one very susceptible of the influences of tradition, and therefore, like the German, eminently patriotic. To spend his whole boyhood amid her green landscapes—to grow up in her schools and universities—to feel, to see, to know, to touch the immense amount of goodness and of wisdom and of gentleness which he has inherited as an Englishman—to have drunk deeply of the various genial and abundant, though, alas ! corrupted, fountains of her religious life—to have taken his side with an English decisiveness in his historical enthusiasm in the contests which have been fought or debated or written about, on her fields, or within her parliaments and colleges—to have lingered with a not reluctant fondness of forgiving admiration over the honest earnestness and heroic self-sacrifice for principle of those whose principles he yet put from him—to have felt with the most intimate reality, which every succeeding year was strengthening and identifying more and more with his better self, that he was living in the mind of the nation, a part and a power in her institutions, his aspirations breathing in her spirit, his heart beating in her life and heat, her prayers his prayers, her hopes his hopes, her fears his fears, that all that England is or has was his, and he, of little worth truly, yet such as he was, all for England, and that his first thought on waking, and his fresh ratification of it on going to rest, should have long and steadily been, that because he was an Englishman and believed in the English religion, his lot had been thrown in fair places :—I say, that to have gone through all this, and to have come out of all this, because God commanded it, must leave a convert to the Catholic faith in England a man with a ruling passion still upon him, modified,

heightened, purified, but not a whit subdued in its affectionate intensity. He has no time to lose himself in poetic dreams about the conversion of England, of which there is not one betokening phenomenon. He has arrears of the hardworking years of a past youth to make up; he has to overtake the seasons that have gone by. He must be up and doing with a rough hand, a ready will, and a loving heart. This may, my Brethren, be the case with a number to whom I am now speaking; and if it is, you will respond to me when I say that the object which lies nearest to our hearts is, by God's help and our dear Lady's, to make our holy faith part of the national mind and life, to give an English look, to turn it into English channels, to endear it to English hearts, to teach it English words and English sounds, to obtain a bill of naturalization for it, not so much within the cold embrace of an Act of Toleration or a Repeal of Disabilities, as in the intimate depths of the religious aspirations, interests, sympathies, and seriousness of the good, earnest English people: for our holy faith, remember, is not a foreigner; she is but an outlaw with an older and more native right than that of those who have outlawed her.

Will St. Philip help us to do this? Here is our question for to-night.

I. Our first business, in endeavouring to find an answer to this question, must be to take a cursory and bird's-eye view of the present religious condition of England, in order that we may have a clear idea of the field of action into which St. Philip is descending to bear his part. The first object of our attention will of course be Catholicism itself. A very great increase of numbers, and that by no means confined to the less educated classes, combined with almost an indefinite amount of diminution of preju-

dice in those who are not of the fold, are facts too palpable to be denied. The growth and multiplication of the Religious Orders, which are the nerve and muscle of the Church, and the fostering zeal of the Holy See, which, never slack, seems of late years to have turned towards England with even greater fondness than before, are also symptoms which fill us with hope and joy. While they, who are best acquainted with the interior of our body, find a still more certain ground for thankful expectation in the growth of spiritual energy and the apparent abundance of grace, which is among us. The success of the Catholic educational movement, thanks to the concentrated energies of some who might be named, and the sights and sounds of material activity and episcopal vigour which are seen and heard combining in every diocese, all look like so many blessings of God upon His English vineyard; and fervent devotion to our Blessed Lady, and enthusiastic loyalty towards the Holy See, together with a growing frequentation of the Sacraments, are as it were the quicksilver by which the temperature and promise of our faith may be discerned. I need do no more than name these things to *you*, for they are doubtless a portion of your daily ponderings and prayers.

The National Establishment next courts the eye. Signs of doom have multiplied and are multiplying upon it. Its three schools of Latitudinarian, Evangelical, and High-Church principles are in the same pertinacious discord as ever, though just at the present moment the differences between the Latitudinarians and Evangelicals are unnamed, though not forgotten, while the two parties unite in raising the cry of almost ferocious triumph at the signal victory they have recently gained over the discomfited High-Churchmen. The merely political

character of the Establishment, as a simple branch of the Executive, has never been brought out so strongly before; while the babel of its angry and discordant divines, the seethings of its irreconcilable theories, the veerings and shiftings of its parties, the evolutions of its party leaders, like the tiresome doublings of a hare which ought to let itself be worried without more ado, the disclosures of its heterogeneous opinions in the almost incredible phenomenon of its late pamphleteering literature, have completely shaken its hold upon the respect of the people: and it never had diviner ground to build upon, unless the divine right of kings be tenable. Meanwhile that section of the Establishment which we naturally look upon with more especial interest, is at present in confusion and dismay. To the eyes of an affectionate impatience its partisans seem to proceed from their premisses to their conclusions somewhat more tardily than is fitting. They who have now through God's mercy the supernatural vision of faith, have much ado not to be disquieted, lest those whom they love should not at all times and altogether be corresponding to the movement of grace within their souls; and charity may not always find it easy to remember how little there may be of bitterness in unkind words spoken by bewildered men, or how much the first turmoils and agitations of conviction may be disclosed by the very vehemence of protestation. Men's principles are being tried beyond what they looked for. We must love them with patience; for they will not be angry with us long. If they speak evil of the Church, and her doctrines or devotions, they know not what they say. If they take hard views of the state of things among us, it is out of an honest ignorance or an unconscious prepossession. They must not be judged by their words and ways

just now: they are better men than they allow themselves to look. They will one day preach the faith which now they persecute, and they will let us be happy in their happiness over their new-found faith. If at present they tease their own co-religionists by tortuous views of equivocation and reserve, it may be in some measure their misfortune, and not altogether their fault. If they tire us by what looks like pride and perverseness, their position, perhaps, is more than they can bear. We must be content to give them line, and those, whom God has ordained thereto, will in His time be brought to shore. Think no thoughts of them, which will slacken prayer for them. An atmosphere of perplexity is over this earnest portion of the Establishment, and grace works within its twilight; while the necessary stimulus of German theories, or the animal tranquillity of a less mischievous indifference, fill up, in clergy and laity, the gaps which the fierce life of party-spirit has been unable to replenish. The race of this national creation is well-nigh run; the doomed thing is drawing to its close; though they must know little of its wealth, wisdom, conservatism and manifold social fastenings who can cheer themselves with a confidence that its decrepitude and dotage will not be both wearisome and harsh. To many of us its undignified sufferings, and its dishonour so much more sudden than was looked for, is a truly painful spectacle. But it is the work of God's Hand, and He will not be unmindful of many a gentle and suffering soul He knows within its pale!

Dissent presents a not less interesting, because a more ignoble aspect. Presbyterianism, properly so called, as it was never so much a system of theology, as a platform of discipline, having no room to set up or try its legislation,

has in England almost died away into Socinianism. Indeed, so far back as the close of the seventeenth century, the trust-deeds of the Presbyterian meeting-houses were left as unconditional, and as unlimited in regard of dogma, as the Toleration Act would allow. So quickly had that sect worked out its volcanic Calvinism, and found its inherent sympathies with the colder but more endurable deductions of Socinus ! In Scotland it lives, because it is established, and has room for its pet scheme of ecclesiastical legislation : as a doctrinal system there, it is a dry Calvinism watered down and weakened by the modern metaphysics of Edinburgh. In England it can hardly be called an influence at all. The Quakers and the Baptists, both General and Particular, have little theological life in them. The energy of both those sects is chiefly absorbed in external schemes of philanthropy, with little care for dogma at all. The goodness and zeal that are among them find a vent in those more respectable and business-like occupations. The cement is falling fast from the hastily but cleverly built edifice of Methodism ; the wedge-like principle of protestant free judgment is splitting it up, as the pressure of spiritual monopoly, and an overbearing hierarchical domination drive it farther and farther into the mass. Methodism is wearing threadbare its own unintellectual vulgarity, in proportion as its spiritual freshness evaporates ; though, like the disturbed surface of a lake, the distant rings of its influence will continue feebly to propagate themselves even when all life is dead at the heart. What remains of the vigour of the old Puritan life, with its fierce earnestness and grotesque heroism, seems to be preserved among the Independents, of whom it is not easy to speak without a kind of patriotic tenderness. There are more signs of life among them than

among any of the other dissenting bodies, and of a life entitled to respectful notice. If English dissent has any fresh conquests to make, we should expect them either from the Independents, or from a new development altogether; yet dissent seems past the day of its fertility. Peace be with it! It has a very interesting history, and is the most English-looking feature in the records of the last three hundred years, in spite of the Genevan stiffness engrafted on it. The Irvingites, whose apostles find themselves almost without disciples, and the Mormonites of the coal-pits, who in twos and threes draft themselves yearly to some American Sion hardly deserve notice as influences in the religious life of England. The Unitarians have a widespread name; but how much of that surface is but a mask for a much simpler and more straightforward form of infidelity, who can tell? Speaking, however, of those who are true Unitarians, it would seem that the younger and fresher part of the sect are deserting the old rigid school of Priestley and his unmanageably stiff rationalism. His was a point at which no collection of various minds could possibly arrest itself. Plain Deism was beyond them, and consequential, which is always a temptation; but it is poor food in the way of religion. The English Unitarians, therefore, have honestly diverged from Priestley, and are not ashamed of confessing it, in spite of all that Belsham, and Lindsey, and Cappe, and the Arian Price would have said of them. The new apostle around whom they have gathered themselves, and in whose light they fancy they have gained new life, is the German Schleiermacher, the inventor of a system midway between the supernaturalist and rationalistic views of the Gospel,

and much more poetical than the last*. His distinguishing feature is enthusiastic devotion for the person of the "Redeeming Founder of Christianity," whom he surrounds with a kind of cloudy and distempered hero-worship. He is said in Germany to have created an epoch in theology. It is remarkable how, in his later years, Dr. Arnold had a growing devotion to our Lord's Person, which yet any Catholic can see to be very far removed from our simple worship of Him, and animated by an altogether different idea. Yet it is not uncommon, in modern Unitarian books, to read, and still more to hear in their sermons, a style which must remind Catholics, and startle them while it reminds them, of orthodox expositions of devotions to the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, our ever blessed Lord and God.

Unitarianism brings us to the outermost limits of dissent; and the English Unitarian disciples of Schleiermacher hand us over, almost unconsciously, to the new school of Transcendental Infidelity, which is spreading so rapidly among us. The literature of this school may be divided into three portions; first, what has been imported from Germany in the way of select translation, next the contributions of America, especially of the state of Massachusetts, and, lastly, what is English; and it is no mean sign of the times, that, amid the few English writers of this school, are to be found three clergymen of the Established Church, and some other graduates of the Protestant Universities. This is not the place to enter into an examination of the teaching of this school. It is sufficient to say, that, compared with the old school of English deism, discordantly represented by Toland, Blount,

* See the remarks on the "Eclectic Christology of Schleiermacher," in the dissertation on the "Dogmatic Import of the Life of Jesus," at the end of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*.

Shaftesbury, Collins, Woolston, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke, it is, as a system, much more attractive, and much less logical. In the imbecile torpor of the helpless and unhelpful Establishment, in the lazy decrepitude or pusillanimous factiousness of the various departments of English dissent, and in the necessity of stimulus for the superabundant supply of racy youthful intellect in this generation, the Transcendental Infidelity is spreading with great rapidity among the young. It is becoming decidedly a power in the country, and, whatever may be the intellectual price we put upon it, the merest accidental influence is influence, and deeply interesting to those who are engaged in saving souls. An evil, of which the young are the especial victims, is doubly interesting to the followers of St. Philip. Even the Edinburgh Review is taking the alarm, and dealing out dire denunciations against the writers of this school, some of whom may, perhaps, be ill-natured enough to think it hard they should be so visited for conclusions of which they thought they infallibly discerned the premises in the pages of the same Review. Neither do they see clearly any greater divergence between their popular Christianity or "Christian Theism," and the orthodox Protestantism, than between the same national orthodoxy and the new-fashioned Christianity propounded in the brief *Summa Theologiæ* appended by Sir James Stephen by way of Epilogue to his Essays. Thus you see the character of our controversies is changing; and if polemics are to be our atmosphere, the Puritan is a more interesting controversy than the Anglican, because it brings us into collision with deeper principles; and the Infidel Controversy, which seems likely to supersede them both, is more interesting than either, not only because it is fresher

and more to the purpose, but because it gives a wider field, and—would there were any rational ground for adding!—fairer foes.

But there is still a large portion of English society, not a class, but a portion, fragments of many classes, which is not embraced within any of the foregoing descriptions. It is the immense multitude of English men and English women, who simply have no religion, and do not care to have one, because they experience no want of it. Just as dress is a part of civilization, and the style of dress a part of the reigning fashion, so too there are religious conventionalities and forms which these persons are not without, nay, might be uncomfortable without, just as a man is uneasy in the street when he is conscious that he is either singularly or badly dressed; and as, of these forms and conventionalities, the most respectable, as well as the most innocuous in their bearing on daily life and interference with self-indulgence, are those of the Established Religion, the great bulk of this multitude add to the power of resistance of the conservative element of Anglicanism: for our national character in this century is decidedly more Anglican than Puritan. An animal life of industrial utilitarianism, combined with a great deal of domestic amiability, drowsy benevolence and very moderate accomplishments, may be taken as a fair description of this section of our fellow-countrymen. A few young men in town, and a number of persons residing in the provinces, manage to find in the dulness of modern politics, out of which all the nerve and charm of principle have gone, enough life to satisfy their appetite for energy. The majority find greater stimulus, and certainly a much completer recreation, in a smattering of some one or more of the physical sciences. This multitude too may be

called a power in the country, first, simply because of its bulk, and next because of its resistance and opaqueness.

Such is the aspect which the superficies of English society presents to our view; and, with two exceptions, the features of it are lassitude, selfishness, indifference, exhaustion, decrepitude, and the prognostics of a most uninteresting dissolution. Those two exceptions are the Catholic aggression on the country, and the New Infidel School: and may not he be called "a dastard, whom such foretaste doth not cheer"? Surely, when light and darkness are ranged in separate, cognizably separate armies, there will be consolation in the warfare, however bloody it may be. But that phase of the warfare is not yet. Meanwhile we shall want for our work many powers, many saints, many stout-hearted operatives with all manner of religious habits and secular apparel upon them; and God will bless us and send us all we want. My question is a narrower one—what can St. Philip do in all this? What can he bring out of his peculiar genius, as depicted in the last two Lectures, that will be good service for England?—St. Ignatius is here to help; he has been long in the field, has won his ground, and, as ever with him, has stoutly kept what he has conquered. St. Alphonso too has come; not little is the trust we put in him: St. Benedict too is in the field, and others, and they will multiply. The Venerable Paul of the Cross sees now, what was once but prophetic vision to his eye, the meek bearing and the unworldly habit of his discalceated children on the green fields of England.

II. There are two ways in which St. Philip can speak to us and work with us in England, and which flow naturally from his spirit and genius as already described. The one is by correcting, modifying, or purifying ex-

ternal defects under which we labour, and imparting to us an interior spirit which improves, while it is congenial to, our own. The other is by the adaptation to our tempers, tastes, and necessities, of certain external modes of working, which belong, and are, to some extent, peculiar to himself. And St. Philip's fitness for the English people does not rest in any, or in all separately, of these points, but in the accumulation and convergence to them all in his one idea: neither does the display or application of his fitness belong by any means exclusively to his own Congregation; for his spirit is the spirit of the Secular Clergy, and to them does he belong, and they can use his arts and walk upon his ways: we of his Congregation have no exclusive property in our dear Founder; he is the property of the Secular Clergy always and everywhere: and this fact will enable me to speak more freely and more broadly of St. Philip's work in England than I could have done, had I thought the holy Father was with us his more immediate children, who wear his livery, and with no one else.

1. I will speak of the internal spirit first.

When an old man looks back upon a long life of alternate good and evil fortune, he not only sees the mistakes he has made, but, in the calmness of the unimpassioned retrospect, he sees the principle which has actuated him in all his blunders, and discerns the character of the evil genius which has haunted him. So it is in the study of history. In the long chronicles of centuries, we come to see the evil genius which has from time to time come in the way of a nation, and misled it. One of the worst of the evil geniuses of England has been nationalism. It was in a measure forced upon us by our insular position, then concentrated by the loss of our

continental possessions, and last of all exaggerated in our self-multiplication in colonies. It has been the cause of almost all that is little and pusillanimous in us, and has retarded us in all growths, except that of material and industrial prosperity, which it was not its business to hinder, but which perhaps it rather forwarded. I see no reason against conceding this. In religion it produced the Establishment, and, in saying that, how much is involved! At present the great Catholic movement throughout the world is distinguished by nothing so much as the clear ascendancy of the grand, magnanimous and vigorous principle of Ultramontanism. It is the tendency of modern civilization to render more and more nugatory and indistinct all national separations, peculiarities of blood, and territorial boundaries. Philosophy, science, diplomacy, literature, feeling, all go the same way. But to what centre? It is hard to say. So far it has mimicked the divine Catholic system. But we have our sacred centre, all the more sacred because it seems so frail, the Roman Throne, the image of the Throne Invisible.

You will not think that I am trifling with you, then, when I make much of St. Philip's being especially a Roman Saint; indeed, in a sense in which no other Saint ever was, since authority itself has named him Rome's apostle. Whatever drifts our affections more and more towards Rome—whatever increases in us a mysterious love and loyal homage towards the Jerusalem of Catholics, whose claim to our respect rests no more on the character of its populace than did the claims of the Holy City of David on the virtues of the rabble that chose Barabbas—whatever inspires us with a fondness for all that breathes of Rome, and looks like Rome—whatever instils into our hearts that old religious instinct which bade our Saxon kings come down from off their thrones and wander in

enthusiastic pilgrimage to that strange old city of ruins and of tombs, where God has fixed St. Peter's living Throne, a Throne all eyes world-encompassing, all hands world-subduing, all wisdom world-inspiring—whatever makes that home and hearth of Christendom dearer to us, and each day more dear,—is a real and substantial blessing. Out of it will come Catholic life. Out of it will come generous strength, and health. Look at the Church of France, who so nobly leads the way, oblivious of her old selfish Gallican glories. Look at America, and her robust young Church. See! it is the instinct of the earth, everywhere awakening to the faith, with its wide and princely episcopate, to rise up and throw itself on Rome, and to lean all its weight upon that central point which the finger of God has touched, and which will sustain the world, when all else shall rock to and fro. Is there no significance then in the coming of Rome's own apostle to help us in the fight, and to pitch his quiet but busy little tent amid those of the host of God, waiting for the battle, the tents of Israel that are beautiful as "tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched, as cedars by the water-side?"

The other nations of Europe say of us, and it cannot be denied that there is some truth in the reproach, that we are not a happy people. It has been said of us by one of our own writers that we have produced the greatest poets of any nation in the world, and yet are ourselves, of all nations, the least poetical; and that the lack of poetry betokens or causes, or both, the want of happiness. This is perhaps an exaggeration; and it is at any rate more true of the higher than of the lower orders. It must be acknowledged, however, that without doubt the aspect of our character is sober, serious, solemn, nay, not unfrequently sour and sombre. We are wanting in light-heartedness. We should have more energy, or

perhaps elasticity would be a truer word, if our spirits were more gay. Foreigners exaggerate this. They always misunderstand us. We are as hard a people to understand as any on the face of the earth. No one can lead an Englishman, but an Englishman. No one can persuade an Englishman, but an Englishman: neither Scotchman, nor Irishman, much less a man from overseas. It may be part of our pride. It may be something else. But so it is.

It fell to my lot some time ago to have to read some American books, which surely are next-door to English. But the very thing that struck me was, "What different principles the Americans reason on from what we do! Arguments like these would never persuade men in Oxford or in London." We shut ourselves up, and make ourselves a hundred times more gloomy in appearance than we are in reality. But, now, was this our national character in the old ages? Why, our very nick-name was "Merrie England;" and merry did not only mean that her fields were greener than anybody else's fields, but that her hearts were as light, her faces as bright, and her words as blythe, nay, I will say it, because of her freedom, lighter, brighter, and blither. "It is an enemy hath done this." It is our evil genius of Puritanism, and that, too, as history testifies, not a native genius, but a foreign one naturalized, from Frankfort and Geneva; burnt into a generation together with the gall and bitterness of exile and the rancour of religious strife. You will say, all this is an argument against St. Philip because he is a foreign Saint. But I answer that it is not: first, because I cannot admit that, in matter of religion, anything from Rome is or can be foreign anywhere; and next, because St. Philip translates himself into English,

and makes himself into a number of Englishmen before he comes, and gives his spirit to many more (may it be a growing number!) than are called by his sweet name. And what I am bent upon saying now, is, that his peculiar spirit of playfulness, and gaiety, and tenderness, and insinuating variety, and graceful pliability, and sunshiny religion, is just what we want to neutralize our puritanism, which has impaired, by disgusting, all the earnestness of the land.

Then, again, simplicity was one of Philip's foremost graces. He was quite Franciscan in this respect. No one studies his life, without catching a love of this un-earthly simplicity. If you give yourself up to St. Philip, and lay yourself open to his spirit, his simplicity will enter into you, and be a living spirit within you. It will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength. And is not our want of simplicity quite a curse upon us just now? Such a crookedness in everything, such a diseased disingenuousness of tastes, and antiquarianisms, and politics, and tryings to get a-head of each other! Such tortuous morals about political rights, and the relations of rich and poor, of buyer and seller, of borrower and lender, of giver and receiver! Such a multitude of words, and flood of professions, and solemnity of oral pledges to a comparative non-existence of actions performed and promises redeemed! No one knows what to lean upon, or what to believe in, or whom to trust, or how to be consistent. Every one is unsimple. Doubt gnaws at the heart of everything, and a levity, whose very effervescence is of a bitter spirit, is the child of doubt. Men use old names for new things. Faith is a cant word in their schools, and means no one knows what; only that in their pain men talk loud of

faith, in order to stun the sense of scepticism, and then, strangest unsimplicity of all! become sceptical by doggedly making up their minds to doubt nothing, but to believe in everything. Then trade makes us lie, and agriculture makes us lie, and machinery makes us lie, and pauperism makes us lie, and diplomacy keeps us lying, which was its old trade; and now, from the new ethics of reserve which the hard-handed necessity of subscription to contradictories has caused suffering men to excogitate, the national religion sets us lying, and, last of all, as it compels infidels to call themselves by dissenting names to keep up respectability and appearances, even our good, honest, national prejudice against freethinking sets us lying too. The manifold wickednesses of the world are in a conspiracy to set plain blunt Englishmen lying. Now, if St. Philip can catch but seven thousand men up and down the metropolis and the manufacturing towns, and make them open, simple, truthful to a fault, with their hearts on their lips or in their hands, we shall have in England as great a number of the right kind of men, with the blessing of God in them, as there were children of Israel, the strength and leaven of the land, who in the bad times of Achab had not bowed their knees before Baal, nor "worshipped him kissing the hands." He can have but little confidence in St. Philip, who can despair of his doing at least this.

There is another element of St. Philip's school which eminently fits him for England. The whole tendency of his teaching is to put the force of religion into its internal spirit, its hidden life. He does not, of course, with the one-sidedness of a false teacher eschew ritual, or the accessories of beauty and art, in worship. No one less so. He has even more of the spirit of Clugni than of

Citeaux about him, despite those naked catacombs. Time was when his sons were the chief interpreters of rubrics at Rome; and wheresoever there has been an Oratory, there, as circumstances allowed, have music and painting found a home, and become an integral part of the Oratorian movement and the Oratorian life. Still he did in a very unusual way lay a marked stress on internals, on the unseen interests of the soul as taking precedence of everything, on cleanness of heart, on interior union with God, on delicacy of conscience and utter loathing of sin, on detachment from creatures and on the atmosphere of prayer. He was frightened of forms, and times, and change of apparel, and conventionalities, and all externals, until the spiritualities had had all their rights and precedencies solemnly and authentically and unquestionably guaranteed to them. Now this was the very meaning, the power, the spell, the significancy, the endurance of puritanism. This is the thoroughly English view of religion, and no other view will take root among us. Men sickened of the Establishment because its forms were only forms, and its conventionalities had neither heat nor grasp in them. This drew the bulk of the lower orders from it. Englishmen will not be converted by the outsides of things, no matter how proper and decorous, or how beautiful and orthodox those outsides may be. This is the simple arcanum of the Oratory, its Sampson's lock. This is the ruling principle of St. Philip's institute; take that away, and the Oratory is no more.

There is still another, and a yet more interior function which St. Philip is well calculated to perform for us. It directly concerns ourselves and the Church, but of course indirectly, as benefiting the Church, it runs over and blesses the nation also. We all see and acknowledge,

(we confess our surprise at it in conversation,) the abundance of grace, actual grace, which God seems to have been giving of late outside the Church, in order to bring men within the one true fold of salvation. We ought equally to acknowledge, what is of far higher import, the copious pouring out of more than common supplies of grace within the fold itself, in order to higher degrees of holiness, greater heights of perfection, more sublime vocations, and closer union with God. Where shall we look for a system of spiritual direction fitted for the circumstances of England, and able to control the highly educated minds which are most often the subjects of these extraordinary graces? We are all busy with our missionary duties. Souls on the brink of perdition have a prior claim to souls in spiritual difficulties and interior trials. Our missionary occupations press us to the earth; we have no time to turn ourselves to anything else; the penury of priests is the only limit to our work and our success. Books will not supply the place of living directors; grace does not promise to sustain itself without them. If we train our penitents on the Italian liberty of spirit exclusively, they become lax, and indifferent to little things. An Englishman is not an Italian. If we subject them to the minute discipline of French regimental spirituality, they become scrupulous, narrow-minded, tame and pusillanimous. An Englishman is still less a Frenchman. If we should happen to be agreed that the Spanish mixture of gallantry and common sense is the most English style, as we see it developed in St. Theresa and Baltasar Alvarez, still there are modifications necessary; and again there is English valetudinarianism to be reckoned for, as a disturbing force. It is like getting into a magnetic current: we must look to our bearings,

else we shall land we know not where. And, after all, books will not do, by themselves. We want tutoring. When God granted to the French Church the wonderful movement of the seventeenth century, He raised up an astonishing school of spiritual directors among them, and Saints blossomed in those days in France, as thick as the blooms on the apple-tree by the paved road-side. Now who so likely to help us in this work as St. Philip? and that not among his own children only, or even chiefly, God forbid! they have no business to be first in anything; it is not their vocation. No! through the length and breadth of the land he must do it. To teach perfection in the world was his foremost mission. "Early and late, getting and spending," when or where was the world so much in us and upon us and around us, thick, stifling, inextricable, as it is in English society of the nineteenth century. Why, St. Philip never had such a battle-field before. And he knows it, and he has made up his mind to do great things, greater than you and I have a dream of. On earth he was a man who, when he willed a thing, did it; and wills are freer in Heaven, both to plan and to do, than they were on earth. If God has given His servant St. Philip liberty in England, he will run his race, and come to the end whereto he was sent.

2. You see I am obliged to go quickly over my ground. Take these as some of the interior ways in which St. Philip's spirit will confirm and corroborate our spirit, and purify and heighten what is foolish, low, crooked, or amiss in ours. Now let us say a few words of his outward ways.

When George Whitfield preached, it was not only the grim-faced colliers with tears making white gutters down their faces, or the excited groups of sun-burnt plough-

men, who threw themselves before him and let the lava of his impetuous heart run over them and do what it would with them. But Hume and Franklin, Pulteney, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, "maids of honour and lords of the bed-chamber," came to hear him. Nay, dignified bishops of the Establishment hid themselves behind curtains to listen to the tapster of a Gloucester tavern. Yet the poor servitor of Pembroke College had only a poor pittance of Oxford lore about him. He was there but a little while, and of that little while the most had been spent in praying and fasting with the two Wesleys at Lincoln College, or in meditating and fighting with the evil one for whole nights together in the wet grass of Christchurch meadow. His power was first of all in the heart and the simplicity and the interior doctrine of his preaching. Bating his heresy, he preached just as St. Philip would have taught him to preach if he had been an Oratorian novice, which, unluckily for his poor soul, George Whitfield never was. And, secondly, his power was in the fact that the English are a *hearing* people. A popular author of the day, of much power and more onesidedness, and whose works are full of a prelusive Gibbonlike infidelity, in enunciating with his usual breadth one of the half-truths, which are at once his characteristic and his strength, complains of the English taste for hearing. Be it so: yet it is a *fact*, and you must rule people with their wills, before you can rule them against their wills: and if you believe in individual souls you cannot afford to lose time in saving them. The "dumb dogs," the non-preaching clergy of old times, are a proverb in English history; puritanical life was in preaching; the magic of Methodism was in preaching; Whitfield preached on an average forty hours a week for

many years. You cannot drive out the English taste for preaching by ritual or aught else. You must convert them by the excess of the foolishness of preaching, before you can mould them more to your mind, if you wish to do so. Benedict XIV. mentions St. Philip's remarkable devotion to Savonarola; it almost gave offence; the Sacred Congregation of Rites, however, found no fault in it, and took no scandal at it. This devotion of their holy Father is not likely to escape the minute and thoughtful attention of his children. When all Rome first rang with Philip's name, what was it men said that he had done? Established the "daily Word of God:" that was the very protestant-sounding phrase that passed from mouth to mouth, from the Vatican to Santa Croce, from the Porta del Popolo to St. Paul's beyond the Walls: established the daily Word of God! Think of his times, of men's wants, of nascent protestantism, of the working of minds, of the irresistible thirst for doctrine that was throwing off swarm after swarm of heresy, fast as the steam-press flings forth the sheets of the popular journal of our day—and then what wisdom, what significance, what an austere, single, divine idea—"established the daily Word of God"! You see, St. Philip's outward dress no less than his hidden spirit, fits England to a nicety. If the land had been measured for him and for his Oratory, the fit could not have been completer.

It can hardly be denied that there is a Protestant *look* about St. Philip's Oratory, especially in England, where men, in gazing on Catholicism, fix their eye just on what separates it off from the national religion, and on this exclusively. A first look detects differences; the perception of points of agreement comes later on. A Protestant conventicle resounds with a vernacular hymn,

characterized by its frequent repetition of the name of Jesus: so did St. Philip's Oratory at Rome some half century before conventicles were invented. The multitudes of England follow after Methodism because of its incessant preaching: the multitudes of Rome with equal admiration followed St. Philip because of his daily Word of God. The Oratory, with its prayer-meetings, its familiar use of holy names, its vernacular hymns, its prominence given to preaching, its homely style, is older than Puritanism in England, and it sprung up in the Sacred City itself, under the shadow of St. Peter's Chair, and the Church has canonized the man who set it going: here is our *fact*. What does it mean? Or is it unmeaning? Suppose we say, as we have said, that it was the remedy God provided for the very state of things in which poor England finds itself, and that interpretation does not please, at least the fact remains, and must have its meaning put upon it. The "methodism" of the Oratory is a purely Catholic birth, and is a century and a half older than Methodism proper. How is this, unless St. Philip be the representative of Modern Times, their Godfather and their Saint?

Surely the English people are greatly in need of holyday and recreation. These long hours of work, these unwholesome atmospheres, these steel-filings, soap-boilings, poison-polished cards, stereotype-plate castings, gasometers, tan-pits, vitriol-works, and the rest of it, well-nigh drain the life out of a man. His gloomy, wearisome, slowfooted Sunday is all he has for his own; almost to be accounted lucky if, sometimes, work even then interferes with the dead weight of his reflective unhappiness on that day. The English artisans are in need of recreation. They will be a happier people when they

have it, and a holier people when they are happier. Yet you must make a man happy in his own way. A king and an archbishop have no divine right to issue a book of sports, and thrust happiness down men's throats, against their will and out of their own way. As matters are at present, it is most unlikely that the great multitude of serious England will find their recreation otherwise than in their religion. Anyhow, some will look for it there, and some in scientific meetings, literary institutes, and political clubs. Now let us take the first half of the question first. Some will look for their recreation in religion. Given the hypothesis—there have been wilder ones—that St. Philip had an Oratory in all the large towns, or places opened on the model of an Oratory. The evening comes; the gates of the factories are thrown wide open; the streets are filled with crowds of artisans, each one of whom is full of noblest capabilities of good, and the worst has an immortal soul. He has time to go home, to wash, to rest, to refresh himself. After all that toil there must be excitement; there can be no rest without it. He goes, if he wills, and hundreds do will, to the Oratory. If he is early he can pray in silence; he can visit the altars; the pictures and the images soothe him and teach him; the silence round the tabernacle of the Most Holy excites him and heats him into more loving prayer. The hour comes; he can join in the English prayers, respond to the Litanies, share the Paters and the Aves, in his own Saxon tongue, which is much to his heart's content. Then he can sing, at least in his way; everybody sings there, why not he? he is a hymn-loving animal, as his puritan fathers were before him; this is yet more to his heart's content. Then comes the sermon; a stranger or chance dropper-in would

think it portentously long in most cases; the fact is, it was not meant for him; the place is a factory of sermons, meant for people who make a nightly business of hearing; the artisan is an Englishman, and thus a hearing animal, and so this is most of all to his heart's content. So he joins in the next hymn more joyously still; then, perhaps, the altar glows with its starry lights, and he can go home with no less a benediction than His who made him, given to him there and then in His own gracious Bodily Presence. Or if there be aught upon his mind, his Lord is waiting in the free confessionals, ready to bleed balm upon his wounds, and send him home happy, if any son of earth there be that night who is so. What does he think, that body and that soul of his, of Philip's recreation?

I wonder what St. Philip would have thought of a People's Hall or a Mechanics' Institute. One thing I am quite certain of, that he would not have let them alone. That "old man of sixty, and wonderful in many respects, and of astonishing prudence and dexterity in inventing and promoting spiritual exercises," of whom Ancina spoke in 1576, in his letter written May the 28th, this very day, would have had *his* People's Hall and *his* Mechanics' Institute, and had his daily Word of God after a fashion within their precincts, just as he had his processions, and his pilgrimages, and his frolics and picnics in vineyards for carnival times and the like: for Philip's "Word of God" includes many things; it is not mere missionary preaching; it included Baronius' Annals with all its secular learning. Perchance men may some day hear St. Philip lecture on Physical Geography, on the danger of Biela's Comet, or the Physiognomy of Plants in a Mechanics' Institute, or on English Literature, or the

Principles of Poetry in a People's Hall. He has been seen in odder places, and to some purpose, before now. His views are anything but narrow. You may trust him for that.

Now here is a Saint in the Roman Calendar, who founded a Congregation three hundred years ago; and, strange to say! he made it a fundamental rule of its communities that they should be fixed in large towns. For himself he never slept out of Rome for a good part of a century. No green fields, no wood-encircled monasteries, no countrified noviciates, nor even a house of studies in the fresh air were his children to have. In the murky alleys, in the half-eternal fog, in the cheerless sight of odds and ends of blue sky now and then seen between the housetops, in the din and whirl, in the fret and "slow fever," as one of his holiest children called it, of half-hourly interruptions, they were to live in their cells, and pray as if they were in a wilderness, and preach as if they were in a heathen land; and when their faces got white and their limbs aching, and their heads stunned and good for nothing, then they might off to some country-house for a while to get gulps of fresh air, which they were to take in with all reasonable rapidity, like men drinking uncomfortably in a hurry. Now is not this just what we want? It is as if the old man, the type of Modern Times, saw far onward. These large towns, unheard-of terrifying agglomerations of overworked and not over-contented people, sprinkled like black charged storm-clouds all over the land—these are our dread, our difficulty, our problem, our opprobrium medicorum reipublicæ. Who will undertake to draw off their electricity in safe and regulated ways? The poor Establishment? Alas! Lord Nelson used to say—and it was the first moral

lesson, perhaps, that some of us remember to have been taught—that he owed everything in life to his always being a quarter of an hour before his time. The Established Religion has just been the reverse. Its characteristic has been, that it has always been a quarter of an hour behind its time; and so it has let the large towns slip, irretrievably now. I think St. Philip could do something for them, which they would not be sorry to see done. Anyhow, his spirit is the spirit of large towns, unmistakeably so; and it is therefore quick to sympathize with the masses, which is what we want in England so much just now, not a kindness or a condescension, not a cricket-club or a Victoria park, but a generous, cordial, human give-and-take sympathy with the masses. And the youth of large towns—it goes wandering about: poor shepherdless thing! it is Philip's flock, the flock of his choice, his first-love; it will hear his voice, as of a shepherd, and know it though it heard it not before, and gather together, and be in peace and joy and gay liberty of spirit round about the dear old Saint. One such troop of factory youths in a dozen large towns, and St. Philip's work will be worth England's having.

And now, my dear Brethren, I have finished my little task. I have spoken to you very familiarly. I have often forgotten that you are not all Oratorians; but indeed I am sure that in one sense you are so, if to love St. Philip, and to wish to love him more, be as good a badge as the black cassock and boylike turn-down collar of the Oratorian habit. And now I wish I could tell you how much I love you all, and how earnestly I beg St. Philip to bless you. What have I meant by all I have said? St. Philip has come among us: what will he do? Convert England? No! no! hard work and no

dreams—that is St. Philip's watch-word to his people. Let me tell you what the great and good Baronius once said of St. Philip, when the Saint had gone to his glory. "What shall I say of that Father, who, being present with me and having aided me in everything, has so many times begotten me with the *Apostolic spirit*, and *with the same spirit* has from my youth up kept me in check, and restrained me from the slipperiness of my boyhood inclined to evil, and brought into subjection to the divine laws the untamed colt of my youth, and set Jesus Christ to sit thereon?"—I repeat—St. Philip has come among us—what will he do? Miracles? Very likely—but that is short of what we want, and in no wise to the purpose. Convert England? No. Do things which will make men look in wonderment on Rome's Apostle? No. What then will he do? I will tell you;—something which a man of the world would think, for its very littleness, a most "lame and impotent conclusion" to all I have said: he will save the souls in England which God sends him to save; and, among them, may there be found every soul of you, my Brethren, and the souls of all my fathers and brothers, and, by a stretch of grace, my own!



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